

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV

AUGUST, 1927

No. 8

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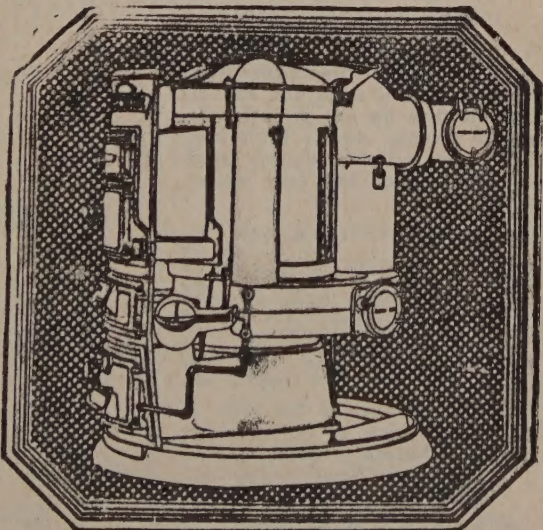
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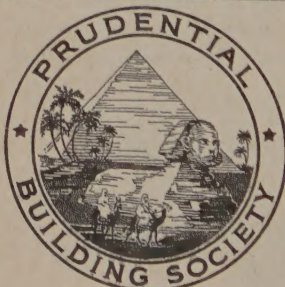


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Two Poets

By Orson F. Whitney

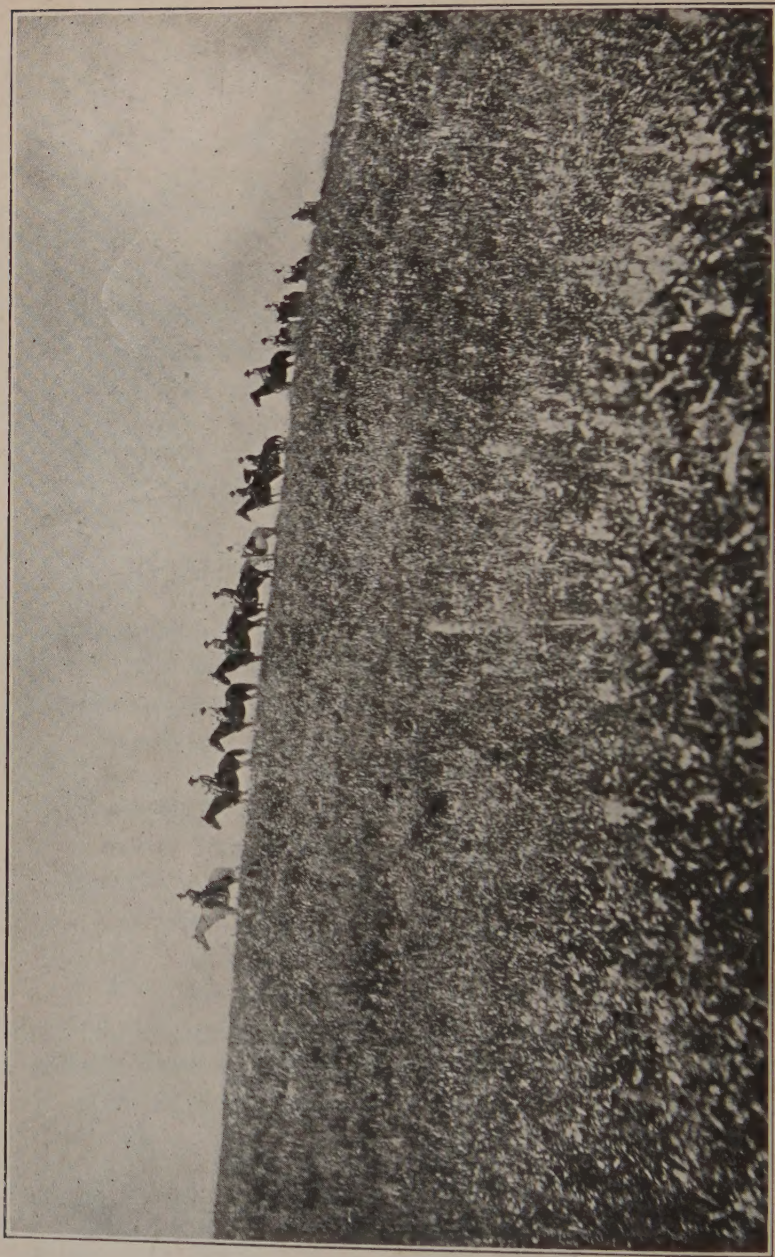
Two poets there were,	Each sought recognition
And each worshiped his God.	And aid from the press,
One soared to the stars,	Which holdeth the keys
And one clung to the sod.	Such to bane or to bless.

The first sang of heaven;	Each offered a master-work,
The second, of earth,	Meant to uplift,
And men deemed his message	One praising the Giver,
Of paramount worth.	The other, the gift.

A rose-bud, a sunset,	And the sage of the sanctum,
A mountain-girt lake,	With spectacled eye,
More charm held for him	Scanned each offering o'er,
Than the Mighty who spake	And anon made reply.

Unto chaos of old,	To the first: "Too much God
At the birth of a sphere:	In your poem," said he.
"Let the waters abate!	To the second: "Accepted—
Let the dry land appear!"	Your 'Ode to the Sea'."

Then gave to great Nature	And so wags the world,
Her infinite dower,	Where the best is deemed worst,
And brought forth all things	Where smallest seems greatest,
By the word of His power.	And last ranks as first.



A PARTY RIDING THROUGH YELLOWSTONE PARK

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The Enchanted Land

By Minnie J. Hardy

Romance—what happiness lies in that magic word. Indeed I know whereof I speak, for I have drunk deep of the joys, sorrows, tragedies and philosophies of life; still, it seems but yesterday that I stood upon the threshold of existence looking into a rose-hued world, peopled with gallant knights and gentle ladies; and knew that somewhere, there dwelt among that goodly throng a noble Sir Gallahad who would, some day, come a-riding by and carry me off to his enchanted castle.

But little did I think that after two score years had come and passed into oblivion my romantic, childish dream would materialize into a reality.

And yet, it came to pass.

Dame Fortune had placed me in one of the government houses in Mammoth, Yellowstone Park. One delightful morning, in early autumn, as I was just sweeping the newly fallen leaves off the front porch, I heard a strange voice saying, "Good morning, Ma'am." I turned, and with intermingled joy and astonishment, beheld my Knight of the Round Table, mounted upon a prancing white charger. No; I was not dreaming. There he was, life-size and at large. But reincarnation had taken place; he was changed. Instead of the blue velvet cape, white plume, and golden saber, he was attired in buck-skin trousers, trimmed with leather fringe, a velvet vest, heavily beaded in a gorgeous floral design,—flowers that have never been known to bloom anywhere upon earth, or in the waters under the earth, that I know of; and, to complete his picturesque appearance, a regular ten-gallon Stetson adorned his handsome head. Solomon in all his glory, and Tom Mix combined, were never arrayed like my Knight of the Camp Fire.

However, I recognized him by his silver spurs, dropped

the broom, brushed back my disheveled hair, and in my embarrassment stammered, "Good morning, Sir."

He gallantly removed the ten-gallon, and after the manner of a true knight of the Golden West, said, "When I want a woman, I want her in a hurry," and he handed me a note. I read—

Dear, Mrs. H.—I have a party of tourists ready to go on a horse-back trip, and find our number is thirteen. Now, as one of the guests is a superstitious southerner, I will appreciate the favor if you will join us. Your position will be that of hoo-doo dispeller. Come on—you will enjoy the trip.

George Mauger, Manager.

Joy of joys! A chance to see Yellowstone Park on horse-back!

"When do we start? What is your name? and is that my horse?" I gasped all in one breath and pointed to the extra animal he was leading.

"We start at once. My name is Tex Holmes, and you will ride this horse." He jerked the bridle of the restless animal. "Please hurry."

Good night! I guess I did. Chain lightning didn't have anything on me. Tex Holmes—famous old scout of the early days, friend of Buffalo Bill, guide plenipotentiary to Theodore Roosevelt and his grace of Dunraven. Maybe you don't think I stepped lively. I borrowed the school ma'am's trousers, (she was not at home, but I couldn't help that) grabbed the engineer's shirt and hat, when he wasn't looking, put some toilet articles in a hand-bag and, resplendent in my borrowed finery, mounted the prancing Belshazzar and rode away.

My sway-backed steed, evidently did not like me, for several times, the obstinate creature tried to buck me off. Finally he became subdued, and in the wink of an eye, we joined the guests at Mammoth Camp.

Everything was just as pictured in my dreams. The Prince Charming was there, disguised as a New York business man. His lovely wife, the princess Hearts Delight, could not disguise herself; anyone would know, at a glance, she was a blue-stocking. She was accompanied by her son, the Young Chap, eight Dandy Damsels, the Physical Culture Man, and the Philadelphia Lawyer. The junks being dispelled, our picturesque Knight of the Embroidered Vest in the lead, we set out to explore our National Park via the Howard Eaton trail. The baggage and supplies were sent on ahead by truck, while the cook and her official helper traveled in their own private Ford.

THE TERRACES

We rode up the hill to great Jupiter Terrace, a mountain of perhaps two hundred acres composed of a strange formation,

built by carbonate of lime and other minerals, brought to the surface by the boiling springs; just as the tiny insect builds the coral reef, so the gentle pulsation of the water as it cools, forms beautiful incrustated basins which look like great white china-bowls, with quantities of white tissue lace scalloped and shirred all around the edges, and each bowl filled with water that reflects the glory of the sky. The magic touch of the mineral water has intermingled many variegated shades like skeins of fine embroidery silk—one of the places in the world where the flow of water builds up instead of wearing away.

On a plateau just below us stands Liberty Cap, the cone of an ancient geyser, forty feet in height—Nature's own monument to mark the north entrance to her scenic wonderland.

Angel Terrace, an amphitheater of old formation, is still more marvelous and unique than Jupiter. I dismounted, and while the guests proceeded farther up the mountain, I sat on a rock and wrote:

A pilgrim in search of Beauty, I traveled the glorious West;
I found the print of her silver shoe far up on the mountain crest,
But here on this magic terrace, where angels' feet have trod
I found my fairy goddess, throwing kisses up to God.

Words fail; the terraces are beautiful beyond description.

Going from the Pinacles of Parnassus to the very depth of the nether world, we visited the Devil's Kitchen, the only opening in the ground that is not filled with poison gas. His Satanic majesty was not at home, but fearing he might return and we would lose the horse wrangler and one of the guests, although I will not mention names, we rode on, paused a few moments to see the buffalo herd, then galloped down the highway, through Silver Gate where the rocks look as if some prehistoric race had built an immense city and at some later date it had been destroyed by an earthquake and only the magnificent archway left standing. We crossed a flower-covered plateau where snap dragons, golden rod, and mountain daisies threw kisses at us, with their dainty fragrant fringes, and meadow-larks and wood-warblers filled the air with liquid melody, our hearts beat in harmony with the lyric music of these feathered songsters, and our city-starved lungs seemed suddenly filled with life and joy.

WILLOW CAMP

The first night was spent at Willow Creek Camp. A heavy rain storm overtook us, but regardless of the dark clouds and chilling weather, the Damsels took a dip in Willow Creek, came out with chattering teeth and glowing cheeks, to enjoy a delicious dinner which was soon served by our cheerful cook, who was an ex-school teacher from the tall corn state; and, let me say right here, France never produced a better chef than Stella was. The

evening was spent singing songs and telling stories around our smoky camp fire.

The company had provided a little pup tent, bed, camp stool, and wash basin for each quest, with instructions to place our basin and a stout stick near our bed at night. The reason for this will be explained later.

The rain continued; our fire smoldered; we sought our cozy



WATERFALL, YELLOWSTONE PARK

couch on the bosom of Mother Earth; and, believe me, I never thought any mother could be so hard hearted.

Morning dawned at last, and O! what a glorious morning. The mountain air was fresh, invigorating, and full of the pungent odor of damp earth and fresh, green pines. The sky looked

like an immense dry-goods counter piled high with yards and yards of crimson and sapphire satin which gradually floated away over the hill tops in billows of transparent beauty, and the snowcapped peaks in the distance were crowned with halos of pearly platinum, and yellow gold.

Two deer with large, limpid eyes timidly ventured near, but when I held out my hand coaxingly, they threw their haughty little heads in the air and bounded away into the forest. A lazy porcupine rubbed his sleepy eyes, and wriggled toward me, begging for favors. As I walked down through the green pine woods, two large birds flew at me, squawking and squalling in a most peculiar manner. One lit on my shoulder, the other on my head. I exclaimed, "Birds, birds, what do you want?" They flew toward camp, returned and attacked me again. Things were getting entirely too interesting for a woman this side of forty. I was hungry anyway, so I started for camp. I met the cook with a stick of wood in one hand and the frying pan in the other, flying down the path after a big, brown bear that was making away with a side of bacon. "Doggone you! You old rascal! I'll knock your block off. I'll kill you, if I ever catch you around here again. There, take that." She threw the stick after old Mrs. Bruno. Two little cubs that had taken refuge in a tree, climbed down and went hurriedly humping after their mother. "Stop her! Stop her!" yelled the Young Chap, "I want to get a snap shot." He followed the bear into the woods.

"O Stella," I exclaimed, "I have been attacked by two ferocious birds." She sat down on a log and laughed. I could not catch her viewpoint. Having one's eyes literally picked out by two carnivorous birds is no joke. The bear had our bacon, and worse yet, those birds had followed us, and were flying round and round croaking like Poe's Raven.

"Gracious, here they come again. What'll I do?" I shook her hard; she stopped laughing long enough to explain. "O, they are only 'camp robbers.' That is their woodland way of asking for food."

We returned to camp. The Physical Culture Man had rounded up the Damsels and was putting them through their daily dozen. Hearts Delight had decorated the table with wild flowers till it looked like a wedding breakfast. The Embroidered One with his assistants were saddling the horses. Our party looked like a company of movie actors out on location, beaming, bustling, and busy.

The joy of eating out in the open can never be expressed in words or described by mortal pen. That never-to-be-forgotten breakfast was the best meal I have ever tasted. The Philadelphia Lawyer said it was ham and—but it tasted like ambrosia to me.

The fiery Belshazzar started his daily dozen. I saw he had decided to become impossible. Physical Culture came to my

rescue. "You'd better exchange horses with me. My mount is very gentle."

"O, thanks, thanks. Do you carry life insurance?" I timidly inquired.

"Stand still, you brute," Physical Culture spoke with authority and hit the horse a rap with his whip. Belshazzar stood. Physical Culture mounted, and being of a poetic turn of mind, quoted, "Now snort till your nostrils are red as red wine, but with me on your back, you are mine, you are mine. You are mine, you are mine, and rebellion is vain." But he wasn't and never would be. Physical Culture, like Elijah of old, ascended: being unable to overcome the law of gravitation he descended, but fortunately landed in a clump of green shrubs. After the Philadelphia Lawyer pulled him out, he exclaimed, "The obstreperous brute! My word! Never again! Here's where we part company." He limped toward his original mount. The assistant guide climbed Belshazzar's quivering, vibrating frame, gave us a reproduction of a wild west broncho-busting contest, mangled up the air for a mile or two, returned with his highness, puffing and sweating, but subdued.

"There you are, sir, you can manage now. If he becomes unruly, rowell him." "O I say, I couldn't think of it. I have orders from my physician to avoid all strenuous exercise. It would be very unwise for me to take a chance of meeting with an accident so far away from home."

My reputation as a hoo-doo dispeller was suffering from an attack of the hebijebies, and my courage had the wabbles. I swallowed hard, recalled lesson twenty-three in applied psychology, and affirmed, "Wild animals can be conquered by kindness," and cautiously approached the wild-eyed bronco.

"Kindness, nothing, take this spurr." Earl strapped the persuader on my foot with further advice. "There's nothing the matter with that old wall-eyed outlaw. Rowell him, ma'am. Kick him good."

"All set." Tex Holmes took the lead. Of course, the Damsels followed that resplendent, flamboyant blaze of western romance. Mr. and Mrs. Van W.— followed. Physical Culture fell in. I joined the Philadelphia Lawyer. I wanted to get some expert legal advice regarding Aunt Sophronia's estate that had been thoughtlessly left to the Spirit Research Society, so decided to take advantage of the opportunity and also the attorney.

We passed Beaver Dam, Twin Lakes, and Roaring Mountain where so many geysers are constantly spouting and hissing that one would think a dozen factories were at work down below. The mountains have a bald-headed appearance where the trees have all been burned away.

At Norris Basin, Black Growler and the Monarch played for

us, a cloud-burst of jewels sparkling in the noon-day sun. Here we met the Wyoming Valley Ranch Company with a party of seventy-five girls, seeing America in the same manner as ourselves. They must have been from some young ladies' seminary, for they were all properly dressed in outing costume, which consisted of knickers, bright-colored sweaters, and cowboy hats. It made me very happy to see our young girls growing into strong women. Columbia has need of healthy daughters for they are the future mothers of the race.

Our second guide, regardless of his jealous wife, (all young guides have jealous wives) applied for a position with their man-



WOODLAND WONDERS, YELLOWSTONE PARK

ager. Like a bumble bee in a buckwheat patch, he would have left our modest flowers for that grand bouquet of beauties, but our damsel from "New Jersey" cast her fascinating orbs upon him and he surrendered.

We forded Gibbons' river just below the falls where shining trout were leaping and dancing, found a shady grotto and made our second camp. The Young Chap tied the bacon in a sack, climbed a tree, and hung it out upon a high limb. "There now, let's see if they can get that down." Without further remarks, cook went about her task. Another bright, happy campfire with songs, jokes, and stories, concluded our perfect day.

A MIDNIGHT ALARM

Somewhere in the dead, vast, and middle of the night, I heard a dreadful commotion. I thought some volcano had suddenly erupted. Bang! Bang! Bang! I did not know an Apache

War Dance had been scheduled for our entertainment, but having no desire to miss anything, hurried out, scantily clad in a kimono.

"Get away from here. Get away." Cook's only weapon was her wash basin which she pounded for dear life. The business man grabbed two sticks of wood and attacked our unwelcome visitors. "Heavens," screamed the Damsels, "Bears! Bears!" Two commenced to climb a tree while the rest ran to the protecting arms of Tex Holmes who bravely kicked the prowlers out of camp. Quiet being restored to our Elysium we again sought the arms of Morpheus.

THE PAINT POTS

The following day, while the guests were resting, Stella and I visited Excelsior Geyser, King of Wonders, an inconceivable, boiling lake, constantly leaping and dancing from ten to twenty feet in the air. Spellbound, we contemplated it with bated breath. It seemed as if Old Mother Nature had put her tub of bluing on the fire to warm, gone away to superintend the planting of the sequoia trees in California, and had forgotten it. We sat there for over an hour. Nothing happened. A traveling photographer came by.

Stella, with a polite, "Excuse me, sir," asked, "When does this geyser play?"

"It doesn't play, Madam. Away back in the early eighties, some one wanted it to play for General Grant, and in order to hurry it up, threw a bar of soap into the crater, which caused it to explode. It has never played since."

"That settles it. Come on." We walked over to Prismatic Pool, a kaleidoscope of colors, that looked like an immense Koh-i-noor sparkling on the green gown of Mother Earth.

They say artists and poets see brighter colors than other poor, earth-born mortals, but Mr. John Finley has not overdrawn his description of these boiling pools of variegated plastic mud:

"Near by the vats of color stand
Orange and carmen, brown and blue
From which the Master Artist hand
Painted the blossoms, dyed the land,
And gave the sea its hue."

We followed down Gibbons' river, past the Chocolate Pots (cones of many, tiny geysers) bathed our feet in the clear, cool water, and returned to camp.

Fire Hole Lake derives its name from the stream of a geyser coming up through the cold water of a mountain pool which, when the sun shines upon it, has the appearance of fire in the water.

GEYSERLAND

After a day spent wandering through leafy dells and sylvan

woods, fishing and camera "shooting," we again went into camp near Riverside Geyser. The guests danced the happy hours away at Old Faithful Camp. Stella, Hearts Delight, and I sat in the moonlight watching the great geyser spouting its volume of water and steam into the Fire Hole river, while our Knight of the Trail told interesting stories of life with Buffalo Bill on the great plains when our beloved West was in the making.

A dip in the warm pools afforded us great pleasure; but, what a difference adornment makes in one's appearance! I could hardly recognize our hero in his bathing suit; his broad shoulders were stooped, his long, handsome hair hung down over his neck like sea-weed on a clam, and alas! alak! A bald spot appeared upon his head, but nevertheless, the kindly blue eyes remained the same. Eyes are the windows of the soul; and, to my mind, the soul is the only thing worth while, either here or hereafter.

"The Giant! The Giant is spouting!" the Damsels all shouted at once. Glory, halleluia! A cloud of white steam floated over the tree tops. We galloped our horses down the road. O! O! O! Can you imagine the indescribable beauty of a marvelous, magnificent, white fountain sparkling like a million jewels in the gorgeous, blazing sunset? Excuse the enthusiasm, but Mr. Barnum could not have described that cascade of iridescent splendor.

The Giant plays every eight or ten days and reaches a height two hundred and fifty feet. His companion, the Giantess, is a temperamental actress. We approached her cautiously as one can never tell when this capricious lady will fly into a violent temper, with no warning from her bright and smiling crater. Old Faithful, the tourists' friend, true to his name, was busy on the job, and it behooves him to keep that way, as he pumps up from his underground reservoir thirty-three million gallons of water every day, and has done so for millions of years. Some job!

We dropped our "hankeys" into Handkerchief Pool, saw them sink from sight, pass through Nature's own steam laundry, and return to us white as snow.

Emerald Pool, beautiful as the jewel for which it is named, a filigree formation that resembles maiden-hair ferns and asparagus clings in festoons to the wall of this lakelet. Only the hand of the Master Artist could fashion anything so exquisitely delicate or so wonderfully beautiful.

Morning Glory Spring: here we found Beauty garbed in a garment of sapphire satin, a magnificent transparent morning glory, magnified a thousand times.

The Devils Punch Bowl. "Not on your life. While I am not exactly a member of the Sabbath school, I draw the line on Belzeebub, I refuse to taste any refreshments from that distillery," soliloquized the business man.

Someone asked the horse wrangler if the hot-prings ever

froze over in winter. "Yes, Ma'am, they do," answered that truthful James. "One winter a ranger tried to skate on one. The ice broke through and he was badly burned before he could be rescued."

"Tell it to the Marines," called our Damsel from Cleveland, "the idea of anyone trying to skate on a hot-spring. Come on."

We passed on, in and out through boiling ponds where one misstep would have meant a trip to the hospital.

THE GREAT DIVIDE

We followed a winding trail through a forest of slender lodge pole pines skirting the dancing river, up Spring Greek Canyon to Kelper Cascades. Two horned owls blinked at us from their perch on a spruce limb; woodpeckers were busily engaged in gathering the winter's food supply, and bushy-tailed squirrels scampered from under the horses' feet.

A steady climb brought us to the top of the great Continental Divide where the waters of the lily-covered Isa Lake are so evenly balanced that just the quiver of a falling leaf will start the water flowing either towards the Atlantic (to enrich the eastern states) or toward the Pacific to bring added wealth to our own glorious West. Thus it seemed the waters of these two great oceans are tied together by a lovers knot of blue ribbon, embroidered in white and yellow pond lilies.

We dismounted. Hearts Delight parked her tired head on her husband's shoulders. Tex removed the ten gallon. Physical Culture and the Attorney found seats on a log, and we all gazed in silence as an ocean of dark pines rolled their green billows before us.

Far off on the very verge of the horizon three snow-capped mountains raised their regal heads. These mighty peaks rise over fourteen thousand feet above the sea—the loftiest summits of the Rocky Mountain range. And three hundred feet below, glistening like a shield of gun-metal in the sun, lay lake Yellowstone, the largest body of fresh water west of the Great Lakes.

How well I remember riding with Edward Markham on a trip to the higher Sierras. When we reached the top of Mount Lyle, the famous author said his heart overflowed with joy and gratitude. He said God made the mountain for a playground for the children of earth, and removing his hat with great enthusiasm, exclaimed:

"On the mountain top I ride, I ride,
I have found my own, and am satisfied."

I was more than that today. I was supremely happy. But alas! there was Belshazzar trying to eat up a Damsel's straw hat.

The great Tetons faded into the distance as we began the descent.

Marion complained of feeling tired. We left the party and started for camp. On the highway we met the truck driver. "O, Claude, where is our camp?" Marion called to him. Claude did not answer but pointed to the side of the road. We looked, and there lay the five-ton truck upside down in the ditch. I had an attack of shell shock. My reputation went glimmering; the Jinks had us.

"Claude, are you hurt? How did you ever escape? Of all things!" etc.

"Struck a rut, I guess," was all he said.

Cook and her helper came along. She caught a ride with a passing car and went to the Thumb for help. Marion and I rested under the trees till Claude and the helper brought the supplies to camp in the Ford.

Everything was mixed and muddled; jellies and jams were spilled, dishes were broken, and chaos reigned supreme. We did the best we could to separate our kitchen supplies, but I was so tired, the task proved almost beyond my strength. The party came in early, but Stella did not return. I sought advice from the Philadelphia Lawyer. "The cook is not here. I do not know what to do about preparing the supper."

What a wonderful advantage an education is after all. In the judicial voice of a supreme judge, the Attorney answered, "Show me where the things are, and I will get the supper."

The Damsels, not to be out-done by mere man, sang out, "We will get the supper." And like a flock of hungry birds they lit upon the sack of potatoes, opened a case of canned peas, and another of pineapple.



EXERCISES BEFORE BREAKFAST AT LAKE CAMP, YELLOWSTONE PARK

"Girls, girls," I ventured, "we will not need quite so much food."

"O yes, we will." They continued to play havoc with pickles, pies and cheese. I wondered where our food for the next few days would come from, when Stella returned in time to save the day.

LAKE CAMP

At Yellowstone Lake, we camped in a botanical garden. Burbank could not have produced anything more delightful or lovely.

The Young Chap caught a string of fine trout which made a pleasant change from our daily menu of ham and bacon.

Another blazing camp fire. Class and position were forgotten; a spirit of true brotherly love prevailed. The Damsels danced with the young guides and some visiting rangers, to the music of a mouth-harp played by the cook's helper. Heart's Delight danced a two-step with her son, while I enjoyed a waltz with the Attorney.

The moon, like a silver crescent, drifted beneath the clouds somewhere beyond the snow-covered Tetons. Night drew her soft purple curtains, and again we said good night.

I slept; but only for a little while. A great scratching on my tent brought me to my feet double quick. "Leapin' lizzards! drat those confounded bears!" I grabbed my tin basin and started to pound out an alarm, but all the sympathy or assistance I could get was a hearty laugh from the whole party.—"A put up job." The Damsels had borrowed some curry combs and had staged "a plant" to add local color to their adventures. You can never tell what young folks will do for amusement. They were not to blame; it was the fault of that bewitching night.

Near Lake Camp we saw the mud volcano, a scalding cauldron of mud, one drop of which would have burned like molten lead. A little further on we rested for a while near the Dragon's Mouth, a boiling spring that gushes from the mountain-side at intervals of about one to the half second, and makes a noise not unlike the bark of a dog.

A flock of white pelicans followed us on our way to Beautiful Hayden Valley, where the flower-covered meadow stretched like a piece of jewelled tapestry before our admiring eyes. A herd of six or eight deer with an elk or two were quietly grazing in green grass that reached to their knees. Black birds, crows, and magpies were gossiping in the tules. Beaver were busy in the marshes, and all nature seemed to have reached a state of harmonious, tranquil contentment.

As we made camp that evening the Business Man said he felt like the young southerner from the hills of Tennessee when he proposed to the best girl and the young lady accepted him—he

went out into the moonlight and said, "O, Lord, I ain't got nothin' agin' nobody."

CANYON CAMP

Canyon Camp, cool, restful, and pleasant. Down a rugged pathway where the pines bury their feet in a velvet carpet of green moss. Across Chittenden bridge to Inspiration Point an everchanging panorama passed before us as we view for the first time the world famed Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. An entrancing, mystic maze of colonnades, castles, cathedrals,



CANYON CAMP, YELLOWSTONE PARK

domes, spires, and arches, carved and juttied by the erosion of ages, a kaleidoscope of colors that only an expert silk salesman could describe; from the green of the pines above the canyon walls are shaded lemon, orange, garnet, crimson, black, pearl gray, and glistening white and the whole magnificent landscape covered by the blue canopy of heaven. And over a colossal ledge three hundred feet high, pours the entire volume of the Yellowstone river to be lost in billowy white clouds of foam in the canyon below. The memory of that delightful camp I will hold as a priceless treasure while life lasts.

How well our poet of the North, Robert Service, expressed his appreciation of scenes like this.

"It's the great big broad land 'way up yonder,
It's the place where the forest holds lease,
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with peace."

With joy we hailed the happy morn whose rosy fingers had just flung wide the gates of day. And indeed it was another day of perfect happiness.

The canyon was full of white misty chifion: crimson sunbeams kissed the sprays and turned yards of precious lace into dancing rainbows. Hearts Delight held out her hand: a little gray morning dove, with downy pink breast and delicate gray wings, that was hovering near, lit upon her finger for a moment, picked at her diamond ring, but finding it of no value, flew away into the tree top.

Most of the party went on an exploration trip across the river. Physical Culture, Stella, and I remained in camp, and here is where we came very nearly having a casualty. While Physical Culture was fishing in the river, his line became caught beneath some rocks. In trying to untangle it, he fell in. The water was ice cold; he screamed for dear life, could not swim, and would have drowned but for the timely aid of a fat fisherman sitting on a rock below. The fisherman jumped in, caught Physical Culture as he came up for the last time and towed him ashore. He was apparently as dead as anyone could be. We could not find a barrel to roll him on, but the resourceful Stella came running with the bread box. "Here, here: roll him on this!" The fisherman tried first aid. I found some ginger which I thought might make him sneeze. Altogether, we revived him, and he was indeed very grateful. Stella wrapped him in her bathrobe, while I got a blanket for the fisherman who refused it by saying, "Shucks, these clothes will soon dry out." Physical Culture recovered. "O, I say, my good man, you have done me a favor; I must reward you. What is your name, and where are you from?" The fisherman said his name was Nelson, and he was from southern Utah.

"My word, you don't say so? Do you belong to that cult that have a temple in Salt Lake City?"

Mr. Nelson admitted he was a "Mormon."

"Here, my dear man, take this. If you will not accept it for yourself, give it to your Church." He handed him a check for two hundred dollars. The grateful Nelson thanked him.

"By the way, are you a man of a family,"

The fisherman said his family consisted of his wife, her mother, and nine children.

"My word, remarkable! Very—quite a number, is it not?"

Mr. Nelson admitted it was, but explained that only seven of the children were his own. Two were adopted.

"Well, well, indeed!" Physical Culture recovered from his astonishment. "Why, my good friend, now I call that a fine thing to do. Indeed it is. Seven of your own to care for and adopt two more. You have a kind heart. I must not let you outdo me in generosity. Let me do better by you." Physical Culture took the check and wrote another for five hundred instead, shook his benefactor's hand with instructions that he would keep in

touch with him, murmured something about further assistance, and went shivering to his tent. The genial Nelson smiled.

"This will help Ephe and Catherine through the Brigham Young University. And one must accept with the same good grace as they would give if they had it." Mr. Nelson had, without thought of a reward, saved a stranger's life, and now had accepted his gift only to assist his children in getting an education whereby they would become better citizens. And still unmindful of his dripping clothes, took the ax away from Stella with a pleasant, "Here Ma'am, let me cut that kindling for you," vigorously attacked the woodpile.

A few days later, we crossed Dunraven Pass, climbed Mount Washburn, stood in the snow and gathered wild flowers to send home to our less-fortunate friends, followed a scenic trail down past Ghost Canyon where Tower Falls fluttered like a ribbon in the wind; passed the silent stumps of what were once the trunks of trees, but now by some freak of nature are solid shafts of stone; wound our way over fallen logs and fern-strewn paths where mighty mountains scarred by age-old torrents towered above our heads. Back to Mammoth Camp and home!

FAREWELL

My dream had ended; my knight would keep on guiding parties through the Enchanted Land, and I would return to my domestic duties.

Two weeks spent in the wildwood; our faces were burned, our bodies tired, yet not one cross word had been spoken; everyone had been most kind and considerate.

My companions of the trail and campfire had become very dear to me; they were now going out of my life, perhaps forever. I was loath to leave them. Even the wicked Belshazzar looked at me kindly from the corner of his suspicious eyes. But Time with his glass and scythe travels ever on and on.

Good-byes were said. Some of the Damsels wept. All kissed Stella. The gentlemen rewarded her with twenty pieces of silver. Hearts Delight came forward with a golden eagle and a sapphire brooch. That practical lady could not keep back the tears of gratitude any longer; she entirely lost her head and kissed the Young Chap instead of his lovely mother.

But mine was a richer reward by far than anything that could be purchased with earthly pelf. The memory of that wonderful trip through our Paradise of Pleasure would live in my memory forever. And I had seen engraved in the faces of my companions, carved on the mountains, mesas, and marshland, embroidered on the meadows and woodland, stamped on the rivers, lakes, and geysers, the autograph of an all-wise, all-powerful Creator.

The Book of Mormon

Conference Address by President A. W. Ivins

It is always an important period to the Church when the sixth of April approaches—the day upon which the Church in 1830 was organized. Three years hence a century will have passed since that important event occurred. Never before did it appear of greater importance to me than at the present time. Looking over this congregation of women, I think of a meeting that was held in this city a little more than a year ago in which a large number of very wise men who met together found comfort in the fact that the bulwarks of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were crumbling, that it was evident to them that the time was not far distant when the structure would collapse and when the “Mormon” people, as they are termed, would become Christianized. They complimented the women of the Church by saying that the men no longer believed in Joseph Smith as a prophet of the Lord, with a direct message to the people of the world, that they did not recognize the present presiding authorities of the Church as being the mouthpieces of the Lord, that the men did not pay tithing at this time, and had it not been for the women and children, they said, the Church would have been bankrupt several years ago, because they alone were tithe-payers, and since it chanced just at that time that the returns from the tithing were greater than ever before in its history, I thought that was a real compliment to the women and children. It appears to be a strange thing that now, after the doctrines of the Church have been before the world for a century, when the history of the Church and its accomplishments are so well known to all people, that the attitude shown by these men could possibly be taken. One of two things was evident to me—that it was either the result of inexcusable ignorance or a wilful desire on their part to misrepresent the truth to those who were not familiar with its condition. However that may be, I am not going to undertake to discuss it at length.

This afternoon at four o'clock (and we will endeavor if we can to conclude this meeting a few minutes before that time in order that you may be out on the grounds) a monument will be unveiled just to the east of us here, in commemoration of the publication to the world of the Book of Mormon, and particularly of the three men who saw the plates and bore witness to their truth, stating that an angel from God had shown the plates to them and that the voice of the Lord had commanded them that they should bear this witness. These men, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris, will be perpetuated in bronze upon this monument. Our minds naturally revert to the coming forth of the Book of Mormon. We see in it the fulfilment of the words of the prophets uttered hundreds of years ago, for

they referred to it in detail, giving the manner of its coming forth, its reception by the world. That which the book would be expected to accomplish was told in detail by Isaiah, by Jeremiah, and others of the ancient prophets. So that if such a book has not come forth or if it has and does not contain the fulness of the everlasting gospel, or if it is not the book which was to be written for Ephraim and the people of Israel, his companions—then we must look forward to the coming forth of some other book because the unchanging decree of the Lord was that such a book should come forth, that it should come out of the earth, that it should come at a time when “darkness would cover the earth and gross darkness, the minds of the people,” that it should be put with the other book to which Ezekiel refers, which is the book of Judah, the Bible, and that part of Israel which should remain with him at the time of the dispersion of the ten tribes would be numbered with the seed of Judah. The Bible and the Book of Mormon (the stick of Judah and the stick of Ephraim) are to become one in the hands of the Lord, for the purpose of convincing all people, Jew and Gentile, atheist, infidel and so-called Christian, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Only Begotten of the Father in the flesh, that his is the only name under heaven by which mankind can be brought back into the presence of our Father and crowned there with glory, immortality and eternal life. These are some of the reflections that come to us when we think of the Book of Mormon.

I would like to read a few paragraphs here from the story which the Prophet himself tells in his own words, because no one has ever told the story in words which appeal to me as do these that I am about to read. The Prophet had already received his first vision and the work which he was to accomplish had been outlined, but no authority had been given him to act, and he had consequently waited—waited patiently and wondered why some further manifestation did not come that he might better understand what he was to do. He tells us that he was thinking of this, contemplating it seriously, when he retired to his bedroom for the night. There he kneeled in earnest prayer to the Lord that some manifestation might be given to him by which he would know that he was still in His favor. And he says: “While I was thus in the act of calling upon God, I discovered a light appearing in my room, which continued to increase until the room was lighter than at noonday, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside, standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor.

“He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen; nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant. His hands were naked, and his arms also, a little above the wrist, so, also, were his feet naked, as were his legs, a little above the ankles. His head and neck were also bare. I could discover that he had no other clothing on.

but this robe, as it was open, so that I could see into his bosom.

"Not only was his robe exceedingly white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. The room was exceedingly light, but not so very bright as immediately around his person. When I first looked upon him, I was afraid; but the fear soon left me.

"He called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me, and that his name was Moroni; that God had a work for me to do; and that my name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds, and tongues, or that it should be both good and evil spoken of among all people.

"He said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. He also said that the fulness of the everlasting gospel was contained in it, as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants;

"Also, that there were two stones in silver bows—and these stones fastened to a breastplate, constituted what is called the Urim and Thummim—deposited with the plates; and the possession and use of these stones were what constituted 'seers' in ancient or former times; and that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book."

That account has always appealed to me as one of truth. There is nothing of posing, nothing to magnify the individual, just a simple narrative told by an honest young man. It was a very remarkable thing to say of this boy who was almost entirely unknown, scarcely known even to his neighbors, to say that his name would be known throughout all the world, that among some people it would be held in honor, and among others, in reproach, and yet like all other things which the Lord says, it has become a fact. These plates, after several years, were entrusted to Joseph Smith and he continues here as follows: "On the 5th day of April, 1829, Oliver Cowdery came to my house, until which time I had never seen him. He stated to me that having been teaching school in the neighborhood where my father resided, and my father being one of those who sent to the school, he went to board for a season at his house, and while there the family related to him the circumstance of my having received the plates, and accordingly he had come to make inquiries of me. Two days after the arrival of Mr. Cowdery (being the 7th of April) I commenced to translate the Book of Mormon, and he began to write for me." (Not much chance for fraud here, because the men were strangers.)

One of the marvelous things—one of the wonders, is that the following year this book had been translated, prepared for the printer, and was published to the world. A like achievement I feel certain cannot be found in the world. This is a book of more than five hundred pages. It is a book which treats of the past, the present and the future. It is a book in which the history of the

past is told, in which the story of the present—the very day in which we live (notwithstanding the fact that it was published a hundred years ago) are outlined. It is a book which deals with the future in such plainness that any person who reads it with a prayerful heart may know the destiny of the world in which we live, and it was all done in a year. It takes time to write books, and particularly books of this kind where the writer makes so many definite declarations of facts.

Another one of the marvelous things which was also predicted by one of the ancient prophets, was that it was taken to a learned man who examined a copy of some of the characters and the translation thereof, and he certified that the translation was correct. When he asked to see the original plates, and was told that they could not be shown to him, he asked for the certificate and destroyed it, saying that he could not read a sealed book, thus fulfilling the words of the prophet. The prophet then predicted that it would then be delivered to one who was unlearned, and he would say, "I cannot read it, for I am unlearned." This book was not written in English but in reformed Egyptian characters. Then the Lord said, "Behold, I will proceed to do a marvelous work and a wonder among this people, and the wisdom of their wise men shall be hid and the understanding of the prudent confounded," all of which has been fulfilled literally.

Now, I cannot take time to tell you all about the Book of Mormon. But this record has been before the world for a hundred years. It has been criticized by the wise men in the world. It has been ridiculed by the ignorant. It is a sufficient testimony of its truth and I am justified in saying that not a single error has ever been pointed out in it. No man can say where it is wrong in any detail, but on the contrary, as the time passes, we hear of many things which corroborate the truth of the things written in it. It has been ridiculed because the prophet declared that these inscriptions were upon plates of gold. Two or three years ago a book was published entitled *The Goldsmith's Art Among the Ancient Americans*, in which the writer, Saville, than whom there is no greater authority in the country, calls attention to the remarkable and expert workmanship in gold that these Indians did at the time of the Conquest, and that was a thousand years after this record closed, and when they had degenerated into a less civilized people, and he goes on and on and tells of hundreds and hundreds of articles made of beaten gold, and finally comes to a place where some Catholic father relates that a certain man bought from the Mexican Indians certain plates of beaten gold which were covered with hieroglyphics which they had been able to translate which had been handed down by their forefathers.

Just in January of this year, one of our foremost scientists, who is excavating a great city in Panama just north of the canal—a city which before had not been discovered—where wonderful developments are being made, reports the finding of a chisel

made of steel. People have laughed at the Book of Mormon because Nephi said he taught his people to work in iron and steel. I have been waiting fifty years for some one to find in the excavations a little piece of iron or steel. They are among the most perishable of all hard metals. Gold does not tarnish—it remains clear and bright. It is one of the softest metals and can be readily written upon; it is one of the most durable and one of the most malleable metals, and can be beaten into sheets thinner than the thinnest tissue paper which we are able to make. Last year, in the opening of one of the great mounds which are in Ohio, they found what the archaeologists call a pearl burial. What did Joseph Smith know about pearls being used by the Indians when he interpreted the account as it had been written a thousand years before in this book, the fact that the people became rich and that they clothed themselves with all manner of fine apparel, such as costly pearls? I have the reports of this, showing what was found in one of these great burial mounds where the remains of three persons had been interred.

I shall not continue my remarks. This has come to me because of the fact that this monument here, which is a memorial to the bringing forth of the Book of Mormon and the three men who bore witness of its truth, as we have said, is to be unveiled this afternoon. There are wonderful things that could be told to you.

Men go around the country telling you that the Church is crumbling, that you are becoming Christianized. Do not be deceived by the sophistry of these men who pretend to be representatives of Christ, our Lord, but speak without authority and without truth. They will flatter you and compliment you. They are opposed to the truth, and no influence that the mind can conceive of will be overlooked in an effort to draw people away from the Church, to introduce the customs of the world, and some of these customs have come among us, we very greatly regret. There never has been a time when people have not withdrawn from the Church, but they are fewer today than they have been at any other period in its history, so far as we are able to determine. Reports of the growth of the Church are extremely gratifying and so there is nothing to justify the statements that these men have used in an endeavor to bring about the destruction of the Church, and their efforts are not, as they say, about to be crowned with success. They will not be, for the Lord, our God, has said that the gospel has been established for the last time—the time when the Lord will bring together all things in one, and consummate his work, when the people will be prepared for the coming of Christ, our Lord, and will reign in power and majesty upon the earth, and that time is very near of realization.

I do not know what the Church would do without these good women to help to keep the men in proper training and order and faith, as they do. God bless you, is my prayer. Amen.

Historical Events in the Relief Society

*Conference Address by Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman,
General Secretary*

I have decided to make a few observations this afternoon upon the organization, growth, and work, of the great Relief Society, which we represent.

In contemplating this subject we find much that is interesting and entertaining, we find much that is inspiring and encouraging, we find much that is faith-promoting. We are interested in all the details connected with the early organization of the Society; in the historical development; and in the various phases of work accomplished. We are inspired by the labors of the workers of the past, and by what has been done, and we are encouraged to put forth renewed effort for future progress. Our faith is strengthened by the lives, the heroism and the vision of those who have preceded us; by their willingness to sacrifice for principle; by the struggle they put forth in the interest of their ideals; by their faith in the gospel itself as well as their faith in the Society. Our testimony is strengthened by their testimony.

We love to recount the story of the organization which occurred so long ago, away back on March 17, 1842, in the Masonic Hall in Nauvoo, when the Church itself was only six years old. We love to speak of the beginning of the organization, and to go over the early instructions, which formed a foundation for the subsequent work. Sarah M. Kimball, one of the charter members of the organization, and later one of the foremost workers in the organization in the state of Utah, in speaking of the beginning, said: "A few of us met together in my parlor in Nauvoo. We had a desire for an organization of our own, and a desire to help with the building of the temple. We had some by-laws written out by Eliza R. Snow, and we took them to President Joseph Smith, who said he would be glad to have the opportunity of organizing the women." In fact he told them that he had been considering the matter of an organization for them for some time, and that his plans were much greater than anything they had in mind at that time. It was not long after this that a group of women was invited by the Prophet, to meet in the upper room of the old Masonic Hall, where the organization took place, with Emma Smith as president; Sarah M. Cleveland, first counselor; Elizabeth Ann Whitney, second counselor; Eliza R. Snow, General Secretary; Elvira Coles, treasurer. President Smith visited the Society often, and gave instruction from time to time on the objects and aims of the organization, and on the duties of the members.

Following are excerpts from his instructions: "The meeting was addressed by President Joseph Smith, to illustrate the objects of the Society—that the Society of sisters might provoke the brethren to good work in looking to the wants of the poor, searching after objects of charity and in administering to their wants; to assist by correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of the community, and save the elders the trouble of rebuking; that they may give their time to other duties, etc., in their public teachings." At later meetings the Prophet gave additional instructions as follows: "This charitable Society is according to your natures, it is natural for females to have feeling of charity. You are now placed in a situation where you can act according to these sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms. If you live up to these principles, how great and glorious. If you live up to your privileges the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates. * * * This Society is not only to relieve the poor but to save souls. * * * And I now turn the key to you in the name of God, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time. This is the beginning of better days to this Society. * * * Let your labors be confined mostly to those around you in your own circle. As far as knowledge is concerned it may extend to all the world, but your administrations should be confined to the circle of your immediate acquaintances, and more especially to the members of the Society. * * * You should be armed always with mercy. If you would have God have mercy on you, have mercy on one another. * * * Be pure in heart. * * * By union of feeling, we obtain power with God." President Smith urged the women to work in a cooperative manner together, and to respect and hold sacred the confidences of one another.

You will all remember that the organization started with eighteen members, which are known as the charter members of the Relief Society. During the first year the membership reached 1,179; 162 members were received during the second year, making the total at the end of two years, when the work was temporarily suspended, of 2,341. The growth was so great that at the end of the first year it was thought necessary to divide the organization, as there was no room at the disposal of the women which would hold the members. The division was made to conform to the four city wards of Nauvoo, and the meetings of the wards were held in rotation thereafter, but were all presided over by the same group of officers. Eighteen meetings were held the first year (March 17 to September 28, 1842), and sixteen meetings the second year (June 16, 1843 to March 16, 1844). The last meeting in Nauvoo was held on March 16, 1844..

The operations of the Relief Society were suspended in 1844, due to the various calamities which befell the Saints in connection

with the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and his brother Hyrum, which occurred June 27, 1844. And, due to the exodus from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City, and the early struggles in Utah, ten years elapsed without any activity on the part of the organization. The women, however, never lost sight of the institution nor the promises made to them by the prophet. In 1853, a beginning was made when a group of women met in the old Social Hall, and formed a Society which was the forerunner of the ward organizations in Utah. In 1854 organizations were formed in the First, Second, Seventh and Sixteenth wards, with an Indian branch in the Thirteenth ward. In 1855 organizations were formed in the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth wards in Salt Lake City, and the First ward in Ogden. In 1856, an organization was formed in the Third ward in Salt Lake City; in 1857, in the Sixth and Eleventh wards Salt Lake City and in Provo; in 1858, in Nephi. There were no complete reports of the work, however, until 1857.

In 1858, on account of the move south, when Johnston's Army came to Utah, the work was suspended and it was only when order was restored that permanent organizations were formed. In 1866, President Brigham Young recommended organizations in all the wards and branches, and gave Eliza R. Snow the mission of assisting the bishops in the great work. From 1868 to 1870 the work went on with vigor, until in every little town and hamlet where there was a ward or branch, there was also a Relief Society. I might state here that from that year, 1866, Eliza R. Snow stood at the head of all organization work for women in the Church. She was spoken of in the press as "president of the Latter-day Saint women's organizations," and, in the first issue of the *Exponent*, June 1, 1872, she was mentioned as "the president of the entire Female Relief Societies."

On July 19, 1877, the first stake Relief Society in the Church was organized in Ogden, when the ward Relief Societies of Weber county were united. Mrs. Jane Richards was made president, and will always be remembered as the first Relief Society stake president. This event was significant, for it marked the real beginning of the amalgamation of the independent ward Societies into a unified whole, with uniform standards and coordinated activities. On December 22, 1877, the same year, the second stake Relief Society was organized in Salt Lake City to preside over the wards of Salt Lake county. M. Isabella Horne was made president. On November 21, 1878, Utah stake was organized with Margaret T. Smoot as president. Other stake organizations followed rapidly and by 1881, sixteen stakes were organized with a membership of 12,288.

On June 19, 1880, at a "Sisters' Conference" held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, officers were nominated and sustained for

a central or General Board of the Relief Society. President John Taylor nominated Eliza R. Snow as president of all the Relief Societies, and she was unanimously sustained as such. She chose as her counselors Zina D. H. Young and Elizabeth Ann Whitney; as secretary, Sarah M. Kimball; and treasurer, M. Isabella Horne. These sisters were also nominated by President Taylor and sustained. (*Exponent*, July 1, 1880.)

On July 17, 1880, at a general "Sisters' Meeting" held in the 14th ward hall, the general officers of the Relief Society were set apart by President Taylor. (*Exponent*, September 1, 1880.)

The Relief Society work was early taken into the missions where organizations were made as follows: London conference, 1874; Hawaiian mission, 1875; Denmark, 1879; New Zealand, 1880; Germany, 1881; Switzerland, 1886; Holland, 1886.

In 1888 when the National Council of Women of the United States was organized, the Relief Society was represented and was one of the charter members of the Council. In 1891 the Relief Society became fully affiliated upon formal application.

The first general annual conference of the organization convened in 1889, making this conference, 1927, the thirty-ninth annual conference.

In 1893, when the Society was fifty-one years old, the membership had increased to 26,700. In this same year, 1893, the Society was incorporated with a Constitution and By-laws, and a General Board of twenty-three members or directors.

The growth of the Relief Society has been slow and gradual, but withal a safe and substantial growth. Like the sturdy oak it has developed until after eighty-five years it is the solid and dependable organization that we now know.

Our membership has now reached 61,627. It has increased in the last ten years from 43,894, which is a gain of 17,733 members in ten years. This present membership consists of 20 General Board members, 1,011 general and stake officers, 63 mission presidents and mission officers, and 10,348 executive and special ward officers; 19,726 visiting teachers, and 30,459 lay members. Among these lay members are about 5,000 class teachers, and probably 10,000 committee members, leaving about 15,000 members not especially assigned. There are very few privates in the Relief Society. Practically everybody has some special duty.

In looking over the reports of the past which are available, two of the outstanding years for increase in membership were the first year of the organization in Nauvoo and the years 1868-1869. This would naturally be the case. In the first year a large group of women were available and were eager for an opportunity to organize and do some definite work for the Church, and in 1868 and 1870 the women came in in ward groups as they were organized.

The charity funds in the Relief Society began with the first organization, when President Joseph Smith started the funds by contributing a \$5 gold piece, stating: "All I shall have to give to the poor I shall give to this Society." Others followed his example as follows: John Taylor, \$2; Willard Richards, \$1; Emma Smith, \$1; Sarah M. Kimball, \$1; Elizabeth Ann Whitney, 50c; Sarah M. Cleveland, 12½c; total contributions at first meeting, \$10.62½. At a later meeting the Prophet contributed a building lot and the framework of a house, which he offered to have placed up on the lot. It was planned to use the house for housing immigrants and others who were homeless. At the third meeting Willard Richards contributed new merchandise valued at \$20.87. At one of the early meetings two members of the Relief Society each gave \$14, and there were many individual gifts of \$3 and \$4. The total receipts for the first year are reported as \$500, which no doubt included the house and lot.

The problems which were met by the women during the first two years of the organization were very much the same as our problems of today. Besides the need for relief in the homes, there were problems of unemployment, sickness, housing the immigrants, care of orphans, widows, aged, etc. Following we quote from the early records:

"It was reported that a lonely widow had arrived from England with one child and without funds. One of the members offered to take her in and care for her. Several children who had been left orphans were turned over for protection to the Relief Society. These orphans were cared for by volunteer members who took them into their homes, as their own children. A call was made for tuition for the children of two widows who were unable to arrange for their children to enter school and there was an immediate response. One member offered to contribute one quart of milk a day to the poor. One of the members announced that she had accumulated enough red yarn for a carpet, but she decided it would do more good to be knitted up into mittens and stockings for the poor and she gladly gave it for this purpose. Another member reported that she was willing to give \$1.00 per month to the charity fund, another that she would be willing to knit or sew one-half of her time for the poor, and for those who were working on the temple. Another member said she would donate one bushel of corn-meal weekly to the poor. She also offered to care for a motherless child indefinitely. Destitute widows were especially cared for. Soon after the Society was organized there was a movement to arrange for the gardens of the widows to be ploughed. It was decided early to accept provisions through the treasurer. President Emma Smith suggested at one time that it might be a good thing to save and use most of their ready cash to buy materials to be made up into clothing for the poor."

In addition to caring for the needy and destitute, the women of the first Relief Society turned their efforts toward the raising of funds for the temple, which was then being built at Nauvoo. Following are some of the extracts from the early minutes regarding this work: One member offered to board one temple hand free of charge. The Relief Society, as an organization,

offered to weave and sew clothing for the temple hands, to knit socks for them and to repair clothing. One member proposed that the Society get a supply of wool on hand to be spun and knitted into socks, to supply the workmen. One woman gave every tenth pound of flax as a donation; another donated four pounds of candles, another 100 shingles. Some of the groceries donated for the families of the men who were working on the temple were butter, flour, sugar, chickens, etc. It is reported in one of the early meetings that there was a beggar in their midst who was imposing upon the people, and who, it was known, was in no need of help. The women were warned against this impostor. The matter of employment was considered early in the organization. Names were listed of widows and others who desired work, in order that people who had work might get in touch with them. It was also customary for members to solicit the patronage of other members of the organization, and milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, knitters, etc., were permitted to do this in the meetings.

At the second meeting of the organization, the president, Mrs. Emma Smith, stated that in the near future she thought a committee should be appointed to represent the needs of the poor. The next mention made of this committee occurred during the second year, on July 28, when a committee of sixteen was appointed "to search out the poor and suffering, to call upon the rich for aid, and thus, as far as possible, relieve the wants of all." The committee was subdivided into four groups, with four in each group to cover the charity work of the four wards in Nauvoo. This committee was the forerunner of Relief Society visiting teachers.

After several weeks, Mrs. Orson Spencer, who was a member of the charity committee, offered her resignation. She stated that she had worked on the Second ward committee, and was still willing to help, but she was afraid that the women were taking the bishop's place in looking after the poor, and in soliciting donations. Several other sisters felt timid about this work. At the next meeting Elder Cahoon was sent by the prophet to the Relief Society to explain to the women that they should go on with their charity work, that they were not acting in the bishop's place, nor intruding, and that they would be blessed.

I think there has been many times since this that the women of the Relief Society have felt that they might be intruding. In fact I think they have been reminded by those not appreciative of the work of the organization that they were intruding. However, the General Authorities of the Church have always taken the same stand which was taken by the authorities in early days, namely, that there is a place for the Relief Society, and a work for it which is not covered by the Priesthood nor by the other auxiliary organizations.

During its existence the activities of the Relief Society have

covered, in addition to charity work and education work, woman suffrage, seri culture, health and nurse classes, a hospital, co-operative stores, building of Relief Society halls and the raising of grain, and it is impossible to comment upon them all here.

During our last year, 1926, the Relief Society expended for charity the sum of \$96,017.19. While this seems an enormous amount of money, it really is not so much when we consider that the distribution covers all of the communities and localities where the Church is located. Our receipts for charitable purposes were \$83,027.10, to which was added \$2,990.09 balance on hand, and while this seems an enormous amount of money to be received in a year, it is really only about 85cts per L. D. S. family, as our reports show. However, our work, like the work in early days, is not all measured by dollars and cents. The service which is given by the Relief Society is much greater than the amount of money expended. The preventive work of the organization, and the constructive work in families is much more important and telling than actual relief, necessary as relief is.

In addition to the charity fund, the Relief Society has accumulated a large wheat fund, which today amounts to \$413,828.71; \$400,796.11 of this amount is deposited with the Presiding Bishopric, and it is the instruction of the Church that all of the Wheat Trust Fund should be deposited with the Bishopric. This action was taken because of the fact that money has been lost in the past in one way and another and it was felt that it would be safer for the fund to be centralized and deposited with the Bishopric.

The interest on the Wheat Fund, which amounts to something like \$20,691.45 has been set aside for a special purpose. It has been recommended by the General Board, and approved by the General Authorities of the Church, that the interest on the wheat money be used for maternity and health purposes. Our reports show that some of the wards have used this money for other purposes, which is regretted by the General Board. Our cooperation in health work with the various State Health Departments, in the states where we are located, has been very successful. The states, as you know, have had funds provided by the Sheppard-Towner Act which they have been using in the interest of maternity and health work, establishing health centers and units, and our organizations have cooperated with these departments with excellent results. When Miss Grace Abbott, Director of the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C., was visiting in Utah last Fall, she stated that Utah has achieved the honor of having at the present time the lowest maternal death rate of any state in the Union, and is also among the four or five states having the lowest infant death rate. While we have made an excellent record along these lines up to date, we are anxious that the records should be better. We are anxious, if possible, for every mother to be

spared to her children. We are anxious for all children to live and to have health opportunity, and to have the privilege of having physical handicaps removed. We feel that we cannot afford to have our children neglected in any way, that they should be examined frequently and their defects corrected. We are horrified at the thought of a child developing deafness, rheumatism or heart trouble as a result of diseased tonsils, adenoids or teeth. We shudder at the thought of mal-nourished children. Only recently a man called at Relief Society headquarters and stated that while he is able to take care of his family generally, and has done so without help, he sees no way in which he will be able to take care of the teeth of his eight children. It is true that our counties are responsible for all citizens within their borders. It is also true, however, that the counties do not have sufficient funds to carry on all of the welfare work which is needed, and the work of the county should be, and is, supplemented by volunteer agencies, among which is our own great organization. It is the hope of the General Board that no wheat interest shall be held in the treasury or used for other purposes so long as there is a health need among the mothers and children.

Our educational work is progressing most satisfactorily. Our theological work has covered Bible themes, and in connection with the work we have our testimony meetings, which we value most highly, and which we feel should never be neglected.

In our Literary department we are taking up the study of American poetry of today. This course gives us an opportunity for the exercise of our aesthetic tastes and personal culture.

In our Social Service department we have, for a number of years, striven to study the social needs of our families and our communities. We have aimed to emphasize preventive work as well as to discuss and learn of the best methods of correcting individual and social ills. The last two years we have been studying Child Welfare, with a view of understanding our children and their various needs.

I am sure that, in all our labors, we try to keep in mind always that the most priceless thing in the world to us is the gospel of Jesus Christ, and our testimony of the gospel. These we value above everything else. We realize that it is through our knowledge of the gospel and its laws, through our belief in the rights and powers of the Priesthood and the authority of the Priesthood and through our testimonies, that we are held together, and that we survive as an organization. Without this knowledge and these stabilizing influences our incentives would not be so great, nor our interest so deep, nor our cohesion so perfect. It was this knowledge and power that united the pioneer women and made them willing to submit to hardships and trials in settling this desert and held them together in this cause. Let us prize our testimonies in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

A Relief Society in France

Word reaches us from the French Mission that on the 3rd day of November, 1926, an organization was effected with five members. It is in all probability the first Relief Society ever organized in the French nation. It certainly awakens memories to recall that in that land of fine arts and of decorative arts we have at last carried the message of Relief Society work.

Lyons, situated on two of the loveliest rivers in France, and noted the world over for its manufacture of silk, is today making the most beautiful silk it has ever made in its history. There the famous Jacquard looms turn out a variety of designs made of the most exquisite colors that silk has ever been made of. We rejoice that the seed has been planted in this city of productiveness and art. Our prayer is, God speed the right.

All of the good wishes we extend to Lyons we extend with equal ardor to the French City of Besancon, which is the second city in the French nation to organize a Relief Society.

The Magazine and the Fall Work

With this issue of the magazine we begin the lessons for the fall months. It is customary in some stakes to carry on a fall campaign for the magazine. This appears advisable because new members are constantly coming in who have not had part in the

organization before, and do not realize the place the magazine fills in the work. The *Relief Society Magazine* is inexpensive, costing a trifle more than eight cents an issue when taken for the year. In other words, the subscriber receives twelve magazines for one dollar. All of the lesson work appears in its columns, as well as the teachers' topic, consequently we feel that workers should have access to it. It is indispensable to officers. An officer is scarcely equipped unless she has the organ of the Society constantly at her disposal.

Many of the stakes this year have maintained their usual number of magazines and a few have exceeded it. Richmond, California, has an organization of twenty-four members which subscribes for twenty-nine magazines. A few of the stakes have fallen below their usual magazine subscription. In such cases we advise that an effort be made to bring up the number to what would be regarded as normal.

Not long since a lady stepped into the office who until recently had been associated with the Primary. She said she asked two members of the organization in her ward to answer questions on the lesson for the following week and they replied that they would be glad to do so, but they had no magazine containing the questions. At this the officer came into the office and bought magazines for two months for these members. Eighty cents more on the twenty cents this officer spent would have supplied those members with the magazine for a year. It was not fair to the teacher to have her give her time and talent, and furnish her class with text books also. We have been wondering every since if these members could not have managed to subscribe for the magazine if their hearts had been set upon it.

A Woman's Idea

Last winter the superintendents' section of the N. E. A. was held at Dallas, Texas. There Dr. A. E. Winship, well known to Utah people, was presented a gold chain of forty-eight links, each link bearing the name of the state which presented it. The fob contained a familiar symbol of education in the form of a little lamp throwing its light over the United States. The map upon the fob is said to be the smallest map of the United States ever made. The work was done by Tiffany.

We are interested in Dr. Winship receiving so well deserved a tribute after so many years of inspiring and efficient work on behalf of education. We are doubly interested in the fact that the idea was conceived by women who have devoted their lives to education. We are gratified that the presentation was made by Cora Wilson Stewart, who stands out so conspicuously in the educational work of the South. She did not fail to say, as she could not, that no other man in the field of education had cham-

nioned more consistently the work of women in education than Dr. Winship.

It was fitting in every respect that women should have conceived the project and carried it to so lovely a consummation. We congratulate Dr. Winship, Mrs. Josephine Preston, Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, the various state organizations affiliated with the N. E. A., and all others who had any part in a testimonial so well deserved and appropriate.

Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem

ANNOUNCEMENT, 1927

The memorial shall be known as the Eliza Roxey Snow Prize Memorial Poem, and shall be awarded by the Relief Society annually.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, but only one poem may be submitted by each contestant. Two prizes will be awarded, a first prize, consisting of \$20, and a second prize, consisting of \$10.

2. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be type-written, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written, and should be without signature or other identifying marks.

3. Only one side of the paper should be used.

4. Each contestant guarantees the poem submitted to be her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of any editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

5. Each poem must be accompanied with a stamped envelope, on which should be written the contestant's name and address. *Nom de plumes* should not be used.

6. No member of the General Board, nor persons connected with the office force of the Relief Society, shall be eligible to this contest.

7. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

8. The poem must be submitted not later than October 15.

The prize poems will be published each year in the January issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Other poems of merit, not winning special awards, will receive honorable mention; the editors claiming the right to publish any poems submitted, the published poems to be paid for at the regular *Magazine* rates.

All entries should be sent to Alice L. Reynolds, Associate Editor, *Relief Society Magazine*, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, not later than October 15.

Renunciation of Dorcas

By Ivy Williams Stone

The Warner front gate protested creakily as it struck Gail Towers' protruding leg instead of the rusty clutch.

"There, Miss Dorcia Warner, I was too quick for you that time," said Gail airily as he stepped inside the yard and leaned against the gate. "You didn't get a chance to shut me outside to-night. You don't dismiss me with one of your polite little speeches of thanks for a pleasant evening, either. And no number of excuses about having bread to bake, or separators to wash, or chickens to feed, will get you off until you have listened to my little speech. Do you really understand me, Miss *Dorcia* Warner?" Gail folded his arms and looked the provoker of his speech squarely and unflinchingly in the face. The full June moonlight showed his set, determined face, eyes that could be serious and mirthful at the same time, and a countenance full of hope and desire for the better things of life. Altogether it was a good face, belonging to a very nice young man, as Dorcas Warner well knew. An inner, secret voice continually told her that Gail Towers was the *niciest* of men.

But conversation of the sort which Gail had commenced is dangerous on June evenings, when the whole world seems tuned to romance. So Dorcas Warner tried to relieve the increasing tension of the moment by answering Gail as lightly as she could.

"You silly boy," she replied, "people don't feed chickens and bake bread at this time of night. And the separator was washed before we even left home. And my name is Dorcas and not Dorcia, as you very well know."

"But Dorcia is prettier," answered Gail, persistently sticking to personalities. "It's more romantic and youthful sounding. It's girlish—somehow you don't seem half so much of a school teacher with that name," he continued. "But *Dorcas* you were christened, *Dorcas* was written in queer old script on your diplomas, and so it will appear on your marriage certificate. And as this conversation has to do with your wedding, I'll call you Dorcas now, just this once. And so Dorcas," continued Gail, his voice suddenly changing from light bantering to seriousness, "you forget all about household duties for the present, sit on this bench under the lilac bush—so—and listen to me. Are you ready?" Gail sat beside her, still with the folded arms.

"Oh," answered Dorcas, fully realizing how utterly inadequate her answer was. "Really, Gail, I ~~must~~—"

"I am going to Chicago again this fall to finish my course," interrupted Gail, ignoring her weak protest, "and I'm going to

harvest dollars this summer by acting as guide for an anthropological party going down to the ruins of the cliff dwellers. I have to leave in the morning in order to meet them. And—and—well, if there is the slightest reason in the world to come back here in September, before going on to Chicago, I'm coming post haste, soon as I'm through. But if there is no inducement to return, I'll go on to Chicago by the shortest route. Chicago is a big town to be alone in, though, and—and, I'd like to take you with me, Dorcas. Will you go, and be my little housekeeper, in a little kitchenette? Will you be ready to go with me in September?" The voice was nearer, more personal, and the arms were not folded quite so rigidly.

Dorcas did not look Gail frankly in the face. She turned away her head that he might not see the tears which moonlight made alluring, rather than disfiguring. Only the subdued rustle of the lilac boughs broke the silence.

"I'm waiting Dorcas," Gail finally said when the silence became oppressive. "Don't you want to go? Surely you have known—have guessed—"

Dorcas nodded assent from her corner of the bench. "I want to go Gail. Oh, so badly, but I can't."

Gail suddenly abandoned every trace of military bearing. He unfolded his arms and laid the right one along the bench, nearest to the drooping figure in white. "I love you Dorcas girl," he said simply.

"O Gail," Dorcas sat upright, "don't make refusal and denial so hard for me. I know you love me, I've felt it for some time, and I want to reciprocate your affection, but I cannot. You know, I—sort of—promised Mother before she died that I'd never leave Father as long as he needed me. It has been three years now, Gail, and I've kept my word."

"I should say you have," Gail answered vehemently. "You've been faithful, sticking at that stuffy school teaching job and keeping house at the same time."

"It has been hard work at times," admitted Dorcas, "but I've cared for him just as Mother used to do. She wanted me to do things so that he wouldn't miss her. He's so dependent and helpless, I even polish his shoes and press his clothes. I've been a regular housekeeper for him, because Mother asked me to be. She was a wonderful woman, Gail, I wish you could have known her."

"She must have been," replied Gail quietly, "to be the mother of a girl like you. But I need a housekeeper, too, Dorcas," he continued. "Can't you imagine how much nicer it would be to come home evenings to *you* in a cozy little apartment, with home cooked meals, than to bunk in those everlasting dormitories and patronize endless cafeterias?"

"Please, Gail," the averted voice was unsteady. "I know.

Can't you imagine how much nicer it would be to go with you and cook your meals, to see the world and people, and hear good music and lectures, than it will be to stay on in this sleepy little village and teach school and keep house? But don't coax me, or I may weaken, and if I do, I will never reap the full measure of happiness which I expected. It was Mother's life-work, Gail, to care for father, and she passed it on to me. She thought it ought to mean as much to me as it had meant to her. I was only a girl to her—she didn't realize how soon I would grow up. She loved father to a point of servitude—she made him helpless."

"Why, Dorcas," Gail leaned toward her beseechingly, "your father would never hold you to such a fancied promise. He doesn't need half the babying you give him. It isn't as if he were old or an invalid. People consider him merely a middle-aged man. He's apt to—and I honestly hope he does—live twenty years yet. Do you intend to stay single until you're forty-five or more? Are you going to keep on teaching the rising generation until they, in turn, bring their children to your school? Are you going to cook all through each hot summer, just for your father? Honest, Dorcas, are you going to wash separators every night of your life?"

This speech immediately put Dorcas on the defensive, as Gail had hoped it would. She straightened up from her drooping attitude, in defense of her own kin.

"Life here won't be so unbearable," she defended. "Miss Althea is coming again this summer, and father is not to blame for the condition of affairs at all. He doesn't insist upon my staying. I'm merely keeping a request made by mother. And you remember meeting Miss Moore, don't you? She is the primary supervisor for this entire county. She spent nearly all last summer with us, and we both enjoyed her visit so much. She's coming again soon. She makes a splendid companion, and I get loads of suggestions from her for my primary work. Father seems anxious for her return, too." Dorcas felt that she had exonerated her father from all shadow of blame for her prospective life of sacrifice.

"I don't doubt Miss Moore's attainments," Gail was indulging in fine sarcasm, for youth feels resentment when proffered love is rejected, "but I didn't think a young, healthy, pretty American girl would be satisfied with the exclusive society of a maiden lady of forty, anyway. They usually find them too cultured," he finished with ill concealed rancor in his tone.

Dorcas did not answer. Her emotions were divided between love and an exaggerated sense of duty. She felt that nothing she might say could relieve the situation, and an oppressive silence followed, which the impulsive Gail could not tolerate.

"I say, Dorcas, dear," he broke out boyishly in his old familiar manner, "turn your face to the moonlight, so I can read things in your eyes which your lips won't tell." Gail took Dorcas' face between his two hands and turned it to the light.

"There," he continued, pressing her cheeks gently with his large palms, "that's better. Now then, for some statistics. Your father isn't fifty years old yet, is he?"

Dorcas shook her head as much as the two hands would permit.

"And Miss Althea is coming for a *second* visit, after a prolonged first one?"

Again a diminutive nod of assent.

"And your father has purchased a new runabout with which he is jeopardizing the lives of all the peaceful residents, as he tries to steer it around?"

This time only the hazel eyes answered.

"And you still believe and contend that your father needs *you* to bake his bread and polish his shoes?"

"He is so dependent and helpless, Gail," defended Dorcas. "I know he ought not to be, but Mother made him so. She really enjoyed babying him."

"O you dear, little, unsuspecting, unseeing school teacher, where are your glasses?" finished Gail, releasing her face and staring at her incredulously. "Dorcas," he continued, leaning toward her very imploringly, very loverlike, for the slight figure was unconsciously charming, "I want you. Let me come for you in September—I really don't think your father will mind it so terribly."

Something like a grasping, choking grip rose in Dorcas' throat. It was not pleasant to renounce youth and love, and all that young life holds dear. But only for a moment did Dorcas stop to look at the alluring vision, and then she made her brave attempt at denunciation.

"Gail," she whispered solemnly, "it seems as if I can see mother's face now, sorrowful and beseeching." "No Gail, no," as he impulsively moved to take her in his arms, "I must play the good daughter—I must keep my pledge."

Gail, feeling injured, but greatly impressed with the sincerity of her decision, again assumed his military carriage. "I'm sorry, Dorcas," he said with emphasis. "Here is a sort of itinerary of the post offices at which that exploring party is going to stop for mail. I had hoped to get a real love letter from you at each station, but that being forbidden, I shall look for a letter at the last stop. We'll be there in about six weeks. After that, we don't know just where we're going, but it will be far away from any post office, of that much I'm certain. Will you promise to write me your final answer there?"

"You have it now Gail. It will only make it harder for

both of us to go over it all again." Dorcas' voice was strained and unhappy.

"Do you promise to write me there for the twentieth of August?" persisted Gail in his old, stubborn way.

"I promise"—Dorcas raised her face with eyes suspiciously glistening, and as if she were called upon to make one more pledge. "And, goodbye, Gail. When I'm free, if you should still care to come, but I won't ask you to wait—it's too uncertain. So goodbye."

"Goodbye, dear little Saint Cecelia." And Gail with an air of reverence and veneration, leaned over and gently kissed her brown hair. Still with his military bearing and scorning the creaking gate, he bounded the board fence and strode off through the quiet dark. Only the voice of a sleepy cricket audibly mourned his departure, but up in the privacy of her quaint old fashioned bedroom, Dorcas Warner bade farewell to all her dreams of happiness, and sought solace and justification from the portrait of a gentle-faced mother, who, from an exaggerated sense of kindness, had requested the service which was altering her daughter's life.

After Gail's departure, Dorcas settled into the routine of her daily life with unresentful resignation. It all seemed most simple. Her mother had requested—she had voiced no objection, and her father still needed care. Gail's part in the little drama had no weight on her decision. But she took no joy in her daily tasks. She experienced no thrill of housewifely pride as she removed the golden brown loaves from the oven. She did not even bother to count the glasses of sun-preserved strawberries. A vision continuously danced before her eyes of a crowded dormitory, of Gail forming one of the file of humanity that patronizes the cafeterias. She saw him, alone in the crowded city, studying far into the nights, and she longed with all her being to go with him, to share his work, to study herself, to keep the inviting kitchenette, to cook the thick-crust bread which he liked. In order to quell the insistent call of youth for youth, Dorcas filled her days with fatiguing tasks, even separating the heavy buckets of milk. But her days were dull, listless and uneventful. In fancy she saw the months stretching on into years, her father becoming more absorbed in his auto, less conscious of his exactions, seemingly unconscious of the sacrifice she had made.

For some unexplained reason Miss Althea postponed her promised visit until mid-August. The day before her expected arrival, Dorcas aired the seldom used parlor, prepared the guest room, got out the best linens. She cooked tempting dishes and then apathetically watched her father as he washed and polished his car. Somehow the coming of Miss Althea had lost its thrill. Instinctively Dorcas knew she would have to fill the car with gas before her father started—he was so impractical and undepend-

able. He never thought that the car might need water and oil. And Dorcas was even too engrossed to notice the interest her father evidenced in Miss Althea's arrival. She saw no significance in the fact that he was going into town to meet her, instead of letting her come on the interurban, as other people did. Dorcas felt no slight that she was not to be included in the little party. She felt content to remain at home. That was the way her mother used to do—hers had always been the path of service.

But late that night, Dorcas sat writing the promised letter to Gail, that her father might post it while in town the next morning. It was a pitiful little letter, merely the written score for the lilac bush scene.

But though its writing had required new courage, Dorcas showed no sign of her struggle as she tucked the envelope into the pocket of her father's best coat.

"Be sure you post this letter while at the depot, father," she admonished, just as her mother had always done. Mrs. Warner had invariably done his remembering for him. "Better get it right on the train Miss Althea comes on, if you possibly can," she cautioned, as he fidgeted to be off. "It's very important."

"I will, daughter, I will," replied Mr. Warner absently, anxious to get started. "Would Gail Towers collapse if he failed to get it?" he asked jocularly. "Mind the place, daughter, and don't worry if I am late getting back. Miss Moore's train might be late—I might have tire trouble on the road, or something else might happen to delay our return," he finished ambiguously.

Notwithstanding, Dorcas did worry. When seven o'clock brought no father, Dorcas began to watch down the road anxiously. The route from town included a long narrow dugway, and Dorcas had misgivings about her father's skill at driving over it after dark. At eight o'clock she set a tempting meal, at nine o'clock, she cleared it away. Unable to content herself in the house, she left the separator unwashed and walked down the lane and watched the road until a distant beam of light separated into two wavering headlights, and the vehement churning of an overtaxed engine announced her father's return.

Dorcas did not wait to greet them at the gate. She hurried into the house and lit the kitchen stove—after so late a ride a warm drink would be refreshing. Her mother had always provided for a guest's comfort. So Dorcas was on her knees, blowing at the refractory stove when her father and Miss Althea came into the kitchen. Hand in hand, diffident and self-conscious, they faced her.

"I'm sorry we're late," began her father bravely, his voice weakening like that of an erring child who faces the maternal court. "But it took so long to convince Althea that you wouldn't

care, that you had your own plans, and longer still to get the license and find a minister. So forgive us, daughter," he finished lamely.

"And bless us, too, Dorcas dear," added Mrs. Althea, "we are so happy."

But Dorcas neither forgave or blessed. She rubbed her soot stained hand across her face, confusedly, leaving a little smudge on her nose. She had a vision of runaway cafeterias, of long narrow dugways, of thick crusted bread, of Gail hunting love letters in the cliff-dwelling ruins, of her mother's face no longer beseeching.

"Do you mean to tell me that you two children have gone and eloped?" she finally gasped.

"I guess that's about it," answered her father. "No one knew a single thing about our engagement, so you see your old dad can keep a secret about as well as anyone—even as well as you and Gail Towers, don't you think?"

Then Dorcas remembered. Her stoical indifference, which she had cultivated for two unhappy months, gave way to hysterical excitement. "Where is my letter?" she demanded, almost savagely. "The letter I put in your coat this morning, and reminded you to mail on the train?"

Mr. Warner thrust a guilty hand into the designated pocket. It's still here," he answered shame-faced. I forgot all about it. Soon as I saw Althea I forgot everything else, even the oil you said I needed 'fore I started home. Come to think of it, guess that's what ailed the car. But you won't hold it against your father, will you, Dorcas, for forgetting to mail a letter on his wedding day? I have to go to town again first thing in the morning, to get the trunks, and I'll tend to it then sure. I guess one day won't make much difference, even though love is young."

"Much difference!" echoed Dorcas, the soot smudge emphasizing her indignation. "It means just enough difference to alter my whole life. *One day!* It means happiness or solitude—a school room or a kitchenette," she added, and then continued vehemently, "it also means that you will take me back to town this very night to send a message so it will reach Gail Towers before he goes off into the sagebrush, hunting another Dorcia. I'll take no chance on a letter now, it's too late. I am entitled to the happiness I nearly lost. That letter would have sent Gail on to Chicago alone. I told him I couldn't leave you, and now I'm—the—give me the letter, father," she ordered tersely, "and go see if you have water and gas enough in the car. Oil or no oil, we're going back to town tonight." And before her astonished elders Dorcas took the portentous letter, tore it into bits, and dropped them into the stove.

"Why Dorcas, you're sure a true daughter of your mother," muttered Mr. Warner in a tender, reminiscent tone. "Sacrifice was her middle name. I never dreamed you were sending your sweetheart away. I took it for granted you would marry Gail. Your mother would have wanted you to. She didn't really mean you should give up your life for me, she was always over-kind to me, that's all. About that message though, I don't want to go back to town again tonight," he protested. "It's late, and I'm sort of nervous about driving after dark. Tomorrow morning early—"

"I think James," interrupted the new mistress of the house, who was accustomed to issuing tactful, gracious orders, "that you really ought to go. Dorcas is entitled to happiness, the same as you and I. She can watch for the bad turns in the road, and I'll manage to while away the time. I can read, or watch the moonlight—"

"You can wash the separator," put in Dorcas with new authority, tinged with new freedom. "Every little piece has to be rinsed in cold water and scalded twice. Then you may prepare a lunch for us all." And from the look which came over the new Mrs. Warner's face, Dorcas had a presentiment that her father would thereafter polish his own shoes—press his own suits.

Two days later, precisely at midnight, the Warner telephone tinkled its arousing summons. Dorcas, who instead of sleeping, had been gazing at a certain creaky gate, hastened downstairs. Her father was already there, sleepily stupid.

"No," he was saying, "no person lives here by the name of *Dorcia*. Guess you've got the wrong—number.

"No they haven't," interrupted Dorcas, appropriating the telephone, "that's my moonlight name. "Yes," she called, "this is Miss Dorcia Warner. I am ready for the message."

And over the buzzing wire, in the monotonous twang of the operator came the message:

"I will never cross the threshold of a

"Chicago cafeteria. Gail."

"That's all there is to it," finished the voice apologetically. "It must be sort of a code. I can't make any sense out of it. Can you?"

"I certainly can," cried Dorcas to the distant operator, to her bewildered father, the moonlight and anything and everything else in creation that might care to listen.



Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

Parowan Stake.

Cedar City Relief Society Hall: No other Relief Society organizations in the Church, as far as is known, are established on a firmer financial basis than the three Cedar City ward Relief Societies. The women of these organizations own the two-story brick structure which formerly served as Cedar's public school building. They rent three modern apartments in the north wing:



RELIEF SOCIETY HALL, CEDAR CITY, JANUARY, 1927

and since the division of Cedar City into three wards, January 1, 1927, the building has come to be a temporary ward chapel and amusement hall. Every other organization now pays rent to the Relief Society. The women are very proud and happy to be able to serve their wards so efficiently, and the community is grateful to have a building in the hands of such able managers. Were it not for the Relief Hall now, the East ward would be seriously handicapped. But these days of prosperity did not always exist. Nineteen years ago, when Cedar was divided into two wards, June, 1908, the sisters, against their will, met separately: the West ward in the tabernacle, and the East ward in the old Ward Hall. In severe weather they were forced by disagreeable circumstances, to meet in one another's homes. For four years the two ward organiza-

tions existed under the most trying circumstances. They had no room anywhere that they could call their own. They had no funds. Prayer meetings were called, and the problem was put directly to the Lord for guidance, and from the darkness sprang the light. Women of foresight, of business training, and financial backing, such as Mrs. Jennie Thorley, came to the assistance of the two ward presidents, Mrs. Amy Leigh and Mrs. Caroline Schoppman. They borrowed money from the bank, determined to procure for their Society a home. They consulted the bishops about being allowed to meet together, and their request was granted. Both organizations functioned in every way as separate units except that they had their weekly meetings jointly. On July 28, 1916, the presidents of the two organizations, Mrs. Schoppman and Mrs. Elizabeth Haight, who succeeded Mrs. Leigh, met with the district school trustees to discuss the purchase of the discarded school building. Their bid of \$2,000 was accepted and the first payment made in November, 1916. This was a happy day for the Relief Society sisters. They worked toward the realization of their dreams for a permanent home as unitedly and zealously as the Christian martyrs of old. The truth of the old maxim, "In unity there is strength" never had better proof. These determined women cleaned and renovated the entire building; furnished a room for the Relief Society meetings by donating chairs and furnishings from their own homes. They made new curtains; sewed rags and had carpets woven. To help meet the first payment on the building, a Dutch Market of three days duration was held. The women loyally donated everything—vegetables, dried fruit and corn, canned fruit and vegetables, preserves, pastry of all kinds, cooked and cured meats, pickles, and candies of every delectable variety. The work was enormous, but the profit of \$250 was balm to tired arms and aching feet. Quilts were always on hand for sale, and bazaars were given, which yielded large returns for the home-made carpets, rugs, quilts, aprons, clothing for children, and embroidered goods so loyally contributed by members of the organization. From banquets and cafeterias supervised by the Relief Society, \$650 were realized. As these figures show, splendid organization, and cooperation as well as hard work, characterized the efforts of these women. But paying for the building was not the only large project of the sisters. Dwellings and apartments were much in demand to meet the rapid growth of Cedar City. Here was an opportunity for the Society to serve the community and they did not hesitate. They spent \$1,500 remodeling part of the building into two four-roomed apartments. They improved the main hall with a hardwood floor, and built an adjoining kitchen for convenience during banquets. Rent from the apartments and generous contribution from the members soon paid for the building, the two organizations bearing the expense equally. By July, 1923, the Relief Society had sufficient

funds on hand to remodel the northeast corner into another four-roomed apartment, at the expense of \$1,900; later a garage was erected for the convenience of tenants. Since the division of Cedar City into three wards, January 1, 1927, the Relief Society building has served as a home for the East ward on Tuesdays, the Third ward on Wednesdays, and for the West ward on Thursdays.

California Mission (Riverside Branch.)

Although the Riverside Relief Society is only five years old, and has a membership of only 24 members, the organization is active and vigorous. For a bazaar recently held the following articles were made: 14 quilts, 4 dozen tea towels, 1 layette, a number of rag rugs, and many beautiful pieces of embroidery and useful articles of clothing; \$150 was disbursed for charity during the year, and \$100 contributed to the chapel fund. The officers of the organization are: president, Mrs. Vilate McMurray; counselors, Mrs. Marell Carter and Mrs. Alice M. Mack; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Rosetta Glazier.

Blaine Stake (Shoshone Ward.)

The Shoshone Relief Society, with a membership of 18, and with an average attendance of between 6 and 9, arranged and carried out a very successful celebration on Annual Day. There was an interesting and instructive program of 10 numbers, which was followed by games and refreshments. Over 100 were in attendance, many of whom were out of town guests. Mrs. Anna Napper is the president of this Society.

Blaine Stake Reorganized.

The Blaine stake Relief Society was reorganized in April, 1927. Mrs. Laura J. Adamson, who has made an enviable record as a stake president found it necessary to give up her work on account of pressing home duties, and she was honorably released with deep appreciation for her excellent service. Mrs. Adamson, during her incumbency in office, was devoted to the Relief Society cause. She was progressive and forward looking, and was alert at all times—watching for any new development which might make the work more effective. At the same time she was appreciative of the traditions and past work of the organization, and placed great emphasis on its spiritual values and activities. Mrs. Mirtis Cooper, formerly a counselor to Mrs. Adamson, was appointed president to succeed the latter.

Guide Lessons for October

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in October)

SOME DOCTRINES OF THE MESSIANIC DISPENSATION

Seven doctrines of the Messianic Dispensation will be considered in this lesson.

1. *The Doctrine of Pre-existence.* Jesus was passing along the highway when he came to a blind beggar and someone asked the Master a question which gave evidence of a general belief in the pre-mortal existence of man. The question was: Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? Of course, the man could not in mortal life have committed a sin the penalty of which was blindness at birth. The answer made to this question by the Christ was an acceptance of the doctrine of pre-mortal existence. The student will be greatly benefited and in most instances spiritually thrilled by thoughtful reading of John 9.

2. *The Doctrine of Reincarnation.* This doctrine seems to have had hold of some minds from the fact that when Jesus asked his disciples the question, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" and they said, "Some say that thou art John the Baptist, some Elias, and others Jeremias or one of the prophets." Seemingly, the Lord dismissed the doctrine of reincarnation by a further question which inspired the immortal answer of Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." (Matt. 16:13-18.)

3. *The Doctrine of the Resurrection.* The resurrection was a matter of general belief except among the Sadducees. When Martha said to Jesus, "I know that he shall rise again, in the resurrection, at the last day (John 11:24) she gave expression to the belief prevalent among the common people. The crafty Sadducees sought to entrap Christ with the question as to which of the seven husbands should claim the woman in the hereafter. In answer to their question, the Savior set forth two doctrines, first, the organized existence of man after death, and second, that obligations entered into for time only are not binding in eternity. (Mark 12:18-27.)

Evidently the disbelievers in the resurrection were rather numerous, otherwise Paul would not have had occasion to write that striking discourse on the resurrection found in I Corinthians 15:29.

4. *The Doctrine of Tithing.* The doctrine of tithing was one of general belief at the time of the Savior, and one approved by him. In his rebuke to the Pharisees he commended their tithe-paying but discountenanced their expectation of getting into heaven through the observance of one law only. (Matt. 23:23.)

5. *The Temple and Temple Ordinances.* The belief in temples and temple ordinances was prevalent and approved by Jesus. He was blessed in the temple in his infancy. Read the beautiful story recorded in Luke 2:25-38. In his boyhood he spoke in the temple to the amazement of the learned theologians. For the setting and the substance of a wonderful story of a super-youth and obedient son, study Luke 2:46-50. He declared the temple to be a spiritual sanctuary, a house of prayer, and with irresistible power and authority drove out the mercenary invaders. Within the temple walls he fearlessly proclaimed his mission, preached the gospel to the multitude, and in an almost miraculous manner revealed the secret sins of men who sought to entrap him. (John 7:28-9. John 8:1-10.)

6. *The Doctrine of Vicarious Work for the Dead.* The doctrine must have been believed in or Paul, the most scholarly theologian of the dispensation, would not have written, "If the dead rise not at all, why are they then baptized for the dead?" I Corinthians 15:29.

7. *The Doctrine of Generosity.* We are indebted to the Apostle Paul for the words of Jesus: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The whole life of Jesus was an example of the application of this doctrine and behind it stands the eternal principle that we grow to love in the direction of our willing, cheerful giving, whether it be of service or of means. The power to give is greater than the power to receive. The joy of giving is more exquisite than the joy of receiving. The effects of giving are more lasting than the effects of receiving. (Acts 20:35.)

Questions and Problems

1. Give scriptural evidence that the Sadducees did not believe in the resurrection.
2. Correlate the doctrine contained in Mark 12:25 with Doctrine and Covenants, section 132:15-16.
3. When and where did Jesus declare that tithing ought to be paid?
4. What is the unmistakable evidence that Jesus spoke to the people in the outer court of the temple, or what we might style the temple grounds of Jerusalem?
5. Give evidence that Jesus approved of temples and used them.
6. Give your personal testimony as to the relative joy-giving value of giving and receiving, or illustrate by a story.
7. On what principle of growth is the doctrine of giving based?

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in September)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR OCTOBER—CIVIC PRIDE

Fall Cleaning and Planting

- I. Attention to yards, gardens and sidewalks. During Fall and early Winter months yards, gardens and sidewalks should be cleared of weeds, flower stalks, fallen leaves and other rubbish.
- II. Enlist services of young boys' and girls' clubs and societies in cleaning up streets.
- III. Fall planting and transplanting—bulbs, peonies, iris, etc.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in October)

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Baltimore is one of the old cities of America. It has on the one hand a flavor of British aristocracy and on the other hand more than a decided leaning toward that hospitality for which the people of the South are so justly noted. Lizette Woodworth Reese has passed her life in this city, expressing in many of her well wrought lines the beauty of the country that surrounds it.

She was born January 9, 1856, in Waverly, Baltimore county, Maryland, and is one of the oldest of the women whose verse is attracting attention at the present time. Her education was obtained mainly in private schools. Very early it was discovered that she had more than ordinary talent as a student of English, consequently she was very much prized on the faculty of the Western High School in Baltimore where she taught for a score of years. When she severed her connection with the institution, the Alumni, together with teachers and pupils presented the school with a bronze tablet on which was inscribed her well known poem, "Tears," which is often referred to as one of the most famous sonnets written by an American.

Her poetry has been published under the following titles and at the following time. *A Branch of May*, 1887, *A Handful of Lavender* 1891, *A Quiet Road* 1896, *A Wayside Lute* 1909.

The country about Baltimore is woody. The trees and shady nooks that the poet enjoyed as she rambled through these lovely woods made strong appeal to her. "Spring Ecstasy"

reveals both the "madness" and the "gladness" of her soul as she came in contact with nature.

SPRING ECSTASY.

Oh, let me run and hide,
 Let me run straight to God;
 The weather is so mad with white
 From sky down to the clod!

If but one thing were so,
 Lilac, or thorn out there,
 It would not be, indeed,
 So hard to bear.

The weather has gone mad with white;
 The cloud, the highway touch.
 White lilac is enough;
 White thorn too much!

"Wild Cherry" is another poem that bespeaks her fondness not only for nature but for primitive wild nature. She regrets that the wild cherry grows in places so remote that few eyes see it.

WILD CHERRY.

Why make your lodging here in this spent lane,
 Where but an old man, with his sheep each day,
 Twice through the forgotten grass goes by your way,
 Half sees you there, and not once looks again?
 For you are of the very ribs of spring,
 And should have many lovers, who have none.
 In silver cloaks, in hushed troops down the sun
 Should they draw near, oh, strange and lovely thing!
 Beauty has no set weather, no sure place;
 Her careful pageantries are here as there,
 With nothing lost. And soon, some lad may start—
 A strayed Mayer in this unremembered space—
 At your tall white, and know you very fair,
 Let all else go to roof within your heart.

Even "Tears" reaches out to nature in an attempt to make clear its hopeful message.

TEARS.

When I consider Life and its few years—
 A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
 A call to battle, and the battle done
 Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
 A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;

The guests that past a darkening shore do beat ;
 The burst of music down an unlistening street,—
 I wonder at the idleness of tears.
 Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight
 Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
 By every cup of sorrow that you had,
 Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
 How each hath back what once he stayed to weep :
 Homer his sight, David his little lad !

I am sure we shall all appreciate the last two lines.

How each hath back what once he stayed to weep :
 Homer his sight, David his little lad.

It reminds one of James Whitcomb Riley :

Heaven holds all for which you sigh
 There, little girl, don't cry.

There is a directness about the writing of Lizette Woodworth Reese that affected the style of both Sara Teasdale and Edna St. Vincent Millay. "A Girl's Mood" is a good example of straight forward direct verse.

A GIRL'S MOOD

I love a prayer-book ;
 I love a thorn-tree
 That blows in the grass
 As white as can be.

I love an old house
 Set down in the sun,
 And the windy old roads,
 That thereabout run.

I love blue, thin frocks ;
 Green stones, one and all ;
 A sky full of stars,
 A rose at the fall.

A lover I love ;
 Oh, had I but one,
 I would give him these,
 Myself, and the sun !

We have in her collection of poems a most exquisite love poem entitled "Love Come Back at Fall o' Dew."

Love came back at fall o' dew,
 Playing his old part;
 But I had a word or two
 That would break his heart.

"He who comes at candlelight,
 That should come before,
 Must betake him to the night
 From a barred door."

This the word that made us part
 In the fall o' dew;
 This the word that brake his heart—
 Yet it brake mine, too.

Many of her poems reach the very acme of simplicity. Can you conceive anything more simple than the lines:

This the word that made us part
 In the fall o' dew;
 This the word that brake his heart—
 Yet it brake mine, too.

There is not a word of two syllables in the stanza.

She has a deeply religious nature. In "Spring Ecstasy" she says "Let me run straight to God." In "A Girl's Mood" "I love a prayer-book." A good example of this feeling is to be found in "A Christmas Folk-Song":

The little Jesus came to town;
 The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
 Out in the street the wind was bold;
 Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door,
 Fair were the rushes on the floor;
 The Ox put forth a horned head;
 "Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed"

Uprose the Sheep were folded near;
 "Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."
 He entered there to rush and reed,
 Who was the Lamb of God indeed.

The little Jesus came to town;
 With ox and sheep He laid Him down;
 Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
 For that they housed Him from the cold!

In concluding this lesson we shall emphasize two important features by way of summary. First, the directness and simplicity

of the poet's style. Of her volume *A Wayside Lute*, published in 1909, Louis Untermeyer writes: "Here are no verbal tricks, no false postures; here are the qualities which are never dependent on literary fashion." And Mary Colum says: "This poetry of hers will persist, not because the author was cleverer or more original than other writers, but because in some way her nerves were more subtle in response to the kinds of life and experiences that came her way."

The second feature is the religious thought expressed in her poetry. At a period of time when so great a state as the state of New York grants a charter that the doctrines of atheism may be spread; when atheist chapters have been established in twenty colleges and preparatory schools in the United States; and a book like *Elmer Gantry* is said by some "to give concrete expression to the mind of the day" poetry such as Lizette Woodworth Reese writes is wholesome and refreshing to the last degree.

Questions and Problems.

1. Name other American poets as well as Miss Reese who have served on the English faculty of various colleges and schools.
2. Point out some lines in "Tears" that give evidence of the poet's appreciation of nature.
3. What does the title "A Wayside Lute" suggest.
4. Would you classify "A Girl's Mood" as a love poem? If so, why? Does the poem reveal a normal and wholesome girl? If so, why? If not, why?
5. Count the words with one syllable in "A Christmas Folk-Song" and the words with more.
6. What quality does a preponderance of words of one syllable give to a poem?
7. Give proof of the poet's belief that Jesus and His mission were of divine origin.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in October)

SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF CHILDHOOD—Harold and Henry

An analysis of the problem of Harold and Henry is a continuation of the study of social problems of childhood. The two preceding lessons outlined certain behavior problems which present themselves in the conduct of children, the causes of which are not inherent in the child's physical, mental or emotional make-up, but which are the direct result of the environment in which the child is placed. The story of Paul in the last lesson revealed

the dangers of a child placed in a foster home to which he was not suited. The necessary treatment was not to change Paul. The change in him came naturally when his social setting was revised to meet his desires and capacities.

The studies of Harold and Henry reveal that the same type of treatment is needed. Both boys have had difficulty—one was failing in his school work and the other was ill-tempered and cruel to his family. Both boys were given medical examinations, were given mental tests, and observed for emotional instability. In both instances the source of the difficulty was found in the home environment. The problems had their roots in an unhappy social life.

Harold presents a pathetic picture. He is an alert boy of ten (I. Q. 100), but he was so shy and timid that his teacher considered him stupid. He made many mistakes in his school work and did not try very hard to improve his work. He was constantly threatened with non-promotion which only added to his timidity.

The mental examination showed he had the ability to do good school work. Besides he was a friendly, truthful, sincere young boy who wanted to do well.

Harold's trouble was his home life, but he was not aware of this and did not like to discuss it. It was only when the home was visited and the attitude of parents towards the boy was discovered that the real cause of his timidity was found.

Harold's parents were excellent, intelligent people, with high standards of conduct. The father had definite ideas of proper behavior for his son, and adopted severe measures to enforce his ideas. The father, in his effort to discipline the boy, did not "spare the rod," but resorted to corporal punishment frequently. The severity of such punishment, as our author observes, depended not so much on the nature of the offense, as on the excitement and irritability of the father at the time. Parents often relieve their own anger and frustration, even though the cause may be something entirely apart from the child's offense, by the unintelligent act of whipping a child.

Harold's mother did not punish him. She kept account of his offenses during the day and reported them to the father in the evening. It was difficult to determine how fair her reports were, for she was a nervous semi-invalid, easily annoyed by trifles, such as the noise and untidiness that young boys can make in a home.

It was not much wonder that Harold spent more time thinking of ways to avoid punishment than in applying himself to his school work. It is also little wonder that he became quiet, timid, and resentful. He even resented the freedom given his sister, who was four years older, and felt that his parents were less fond of him than of her.

To change the attitudes of parents is often a difficult undertaking. Parents usually have opinions of their own of the type of discipline that is good for children. These opinions are not often based on any knowledge of child life or psychology, but are a continuation of the methods employed by their parents. In the parent-child relationship there is a real danger of the parent, all unknowingly, to control and dominate the child to compensate for some failure or feeling of inferiority he may have in his own emotional life.

In the case of Harold's parents, they were told wherein they were making mistakes in their treatment of Harold. They were intelligent and interested enough to change their attitudes and try the suggestions offered them. The whippings were discontinued. The mother was put under treatment for her nervousness. The father was encouraged to work and play with the son, and to teach him useful, practical things at the new work bench. Family games were played, and the home became a harmonious, pleasant place for a young boy to be, rather than a place to be feared and avoided. Naturally, he overcame his unhappiness and timidity. Just as naturally, he took new interest in his school work and progressed satisfactorily.

The problems of the other boy, Henry, were also the result of unhappy factors in his home life. His difficulties were not so easily adjusted, as the direct cause was the death of his father and the change of the boy's status in the home. Henry was only thirteen years old, but he was the oldest of the children and he had come to think of himself as head of the family. He was a very bright boy (I. Q. 127) and was in his second year in high school. He was ambitious to go to college and train himself to be a forester.

Many things must have passed through the boy's mind in the days following his father's death. He naturally missed the companionship and guidance that only a father can give to a young adolescent boy. He, perhaps, felt a thwarting of his own ambitions to continue with his college plans. Besides, he undoubtedly felt keenly the fact that his mother had to go to work to support the family. He perhaps identified himself with his father, thinking he might take his place as the bread-earner, the protector and the head of the family. In his immature way, he attempted to play the role. He could only earn a small amount at odd jobs, but in his imagined part as the father of the family he attempted to discipline the younger children and ended in trying to dominate his mother—quarreling and fighting with her.

In treating Henry's problem, it was not possible to restore a normal family life. A substitute for the advice of a father was secured for the boy in finding a man counselor and friend. The mother was advised to be less critical and nagging in her attitude.

and was encouraged to share her plans and problems with him. She gave him her confidence and invited his advice. She tried to develop a family cooperation, which in the end satisfied him more than his childish attempts to dominate the family.

Perhaps some of this difficulty would have been avoided if the mother had not been forced to leave her family to earn the living for the children. In a home where death removes the bread-winner often many undesirable social problems arise. The mother is left without a companion and advisor. The need for earning a livelihood takes her away from her children during the day. Whether the children are with neighbors, or in day nurseries or in institutions they are deprived of the supervision of their mother, and the natural care and guidance of a normal family life. Usually the income is lower and the whole standard of living is changed.

A widow who must supply the income and maintain a home for her children has more than she can do successfully. At the end of a day's work she is naturally fatigued and her energies must then be spent on household tasks—cooking, sewing, mending. It is quite possible that the attention, and guidance and sympathetic understanding that the children need is entirely neglected. It is not difficult to understand that the normal family life, which is broken because of the father's death, has within this changed environment the seeds of many possible childhood problems.

The need of the widowed mother to be subsidized in order that she can remain at home and care for the children has been recognized for some time. Many states grant mothers' pensions in order to give the children an opportunity to be cared for in their own homes. Such a pension should be adequate to maintain a good standard of living and should be administered by persons trained for this kind of service.

References: *Challenge of Childhood*—Dr. Ira W. Wile, pages 259-267.

Questions and Problems

1. Account for Harold's timidity.
2. Why did corporal punishment have a destructive effect on Harold?
3. How was the attitude of the father changed?
4. What was the effect on Harold?
5. What opportunities do parents have to learn more about intelligent rearing of children?
6. Why did Henry wish to be the head of the family?
7. How did this desire affect his behavior?
8. How was this desire turned into a constructive channel?
9. Why is it advisable to have pensions for dependent widows?
10. What provision does your community make for widows without an income?

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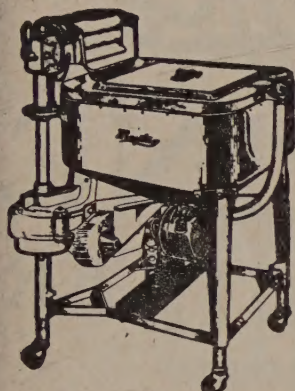
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